



The Treasury of Musick:  
 CONTAINING  
**A Y R E S**  
 AND  
**D I A L O G U E S**  
 To Sing to the  
**T H E O R B O - L U T E**  
 O R  
**B A S S E - V I O L .**

COMPOSED  
 By M<sup>r</sup> **HENRY LAWES**, late Servant to His Majesty  
 in His Publick and Private MUSICK:  
*And other Excellent MASTERS.*

*In Three Books.*



L O N D O N,

Printed by William Godbid for John Playford, and are to be Sold at his Shop  
 in the Temple, near the Church Dore. 1669.

TO ALL LOVERS OF VOCALL MUSICK.

GENTLEMEN,



His Book hath found such generall welcome, that the Impression is all bought off, and I am called upon for more; which hath caused me to Reprint it, but with very large Additions: I have not given you all my store, but with good Advice Selected only such Ayres and Dialogues as are known to be Excellent, as well as now most in Request; and those so familiar and easie, as are usefull to the Teacher, and commodious for the Scholar, especially such as live Remote from London. The Musick is of Three Varieties, and is therefore printed distinct: First, those for One Voyce, next for Two, and then those for Three: The whole contains One hundred twenty foure choice Songs, and all (except very few) of late Compositions, In the setting forth of which, my care, pains, and charge hath not been small, by procuring true and exact Coppies, and dayly attending the oversight of the Presse, as no prejudice might redound either to the Authors or Buyer: And herein I resolve to meet with those Mistakers, who have taken up a new (but very fond) opinion, That Musick cannot as truly be Printed as Prick'd, (and which is more ridiculous) that no Choice Ayres or Songs are permitted by Authors to come in print, though 'tis well known that the best Muscicall Compositions, either of our owne or Strangers, have been and are tendered to the World by the Printers hand; To convince the former, and to testifie my Gratitude to those Excellent Masters, from whose owne hands I received most of these Compositions; doe I say thus much, that this my present Endewor and care in the true and exact publishing this Book will redound to Publick Benefit, and the Authors Reputation, as well as my owne Advantage; which may give yet further Incouragement to

A Faithfull Servant to all Lovers of Musick,

JOHN PLAYFORD.

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As I walk forth one Summers day	13	How am I chang'd from what I was	58
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A Lover once I did espy	25	If the quick spirit of your eye	18
Ambitious Love farewell	32	I love thee for thy fickleness	22
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		I prethee turn that face away	29
<b>B</b>		I can love for an houre	37
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Bid me but live, and I will live	30	In faith I cannot keep my sheep	42
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By all the Glories willingly I go	45	I love a Lass but cannot show it	55
Beauty and Love once fell at odds	55	I will not trust thy tempting Graces	56
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		Like Hermit poore in pensive place	1
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Catch me a Star that's falling	11	Let longing Lovers sit and pine	21
Come noble Nymphs do not hide	14	Ladies fly from Loves smooth Tales	31
Come from the Dungeon to the Throne	26	Lay that sullen Garland by thee	33
Come my Sweet while every strain	26	Little love serves my turn	35
Come Cloris leave thy wandring	31	Let not thy Beauty make thee proud	54
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Cloris false love made Cloris weep	52	No more blind Boy, for see my heart	7
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Dear leave thy home and come	23	Of thee kind Boy I ask no Red or White	43
Do st see how unregarded now	63	<b>P</b>	
<b>F</b>		Phyllis why should we delay	17
Fuggi Fuggi da lieti amanti	15	<b>S</b>	
Fain would I Cloris ere I dy	39	She that loves me for my selfe	2
Fain would I Cloris whom my heart	47	Stay, stay, O stay, that heart I vow	5
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From hunger and cold	64	Silly heart forbear, those are murdering eyes	57
<b>G</b>		Since love hath in thine and mine eye	59
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Go little winged Archer and convey	50	Take, O take those lips away	1
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## An Alphabetical Table of the Ayres and Dialogues.

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To love thee without flattery	28	Why dearest should you weep
Tell me ye wandering Spirits of the Ayre	41	Why should thou swear I am forsworn
Tell not I dy, or that I live by thee	49	Whilst I listen to thy voyce Cloris
Tell me no more her eyes are like	57	Wert thou yet fairer then thou art
'Tis wine that inspires	65	What means this strangeness now of late
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Victorious Beauty though your eyes	20	
Victoria, Victoria il micoræ	66	

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Prethee keep my Sheep for me	A Dialogue between Phyllis and Clorillo by M. Lanear	68
Dear Sylvia let thy Thirsis know	A Dialogue between Sylvia and Thirsis	70
Did you not once Lucinda vow	A Dialogue between a Shepherd & Lucinda by D. Colman	72
Come my Daphne come away	A Dialogue between Daphne and Strephon	74
Forbear fond Swain I cannot love	A Dialogue between a Shepherd and Shepherdess	75
Tell me Shepherd dost thou love	A Dialogue between a Shepherd and a Nymph	77
Shepherd in faith I cannot stay	A Dialogue between Strephon and Phyllis	78
Vulcan, O Vulcan my Love	A Dialogue between Venus and Vulcan	79
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O Bacchus we to Bacchus sing	84	Fly Boys, fly Boy to the Cellars bottom
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Though I am young and cannot tell	92	Gather your Rose Buds
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When Troy Town for ten years	94	Fine young Folly though you were
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Where the Bees suck there suck I	96	Smiths are good fellows
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Do not fear to put thy feet	98	Now we are met less merry be
In the merry Month of May	99	

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Courteous Sirs,  
Because I mean to deal very openly, and cover nothing (though never so small) I must beg the Buyer to take notice that the  
Folia from 52 to 62 are mistaken by the Printer; As for other Errata's in the Musick (whereof all Books have some) they  
are so very few, small and inconsiderable, that I hope I shall need only to crave the judicious to mend with their Pen.

# A Catalogue of Musick Books sold by John Playford at his Shop in the Temple.

## Books for Vocal Musick.

1. Mr. Wilby's Madrigals of 3, 4, 5 and 6 Voyces.
2. Orlando Gibon's 5 Parts for Viols and Voyces.
3. Dr. Champian's Ayres for 1, 2, or 3 Voyces.
4. Mr. Walter Porter's first set of Ayres and Madrigals for 2, 3, 4, and 5 Voyces, with a Through Bass; for the Organ or Theorbo Lute, the Italian way: Printed 1639.
5. Mr. Walter Porter's second Set of Psalms or Anthems for two voyces to the Organ or Theorbo-Lute: Printed 1657.
6. Mr. William Child (late Organist of his Majesties Chappel at Windsor) his Psalms for three voyces, after the Italian way, to be sung to the Organ, the which are Engraven on Copper plates: Printed 1656.
7. Select Ayres and Dialogues by Dr. Wilton, Dr. Colman, Mr. Henry Lawes, and others: Reprinted with large Additions 1659.
8. Ayres and Dialogues set forth by Mr. H. Lawes, viz. his { First Book fol. Printed 1653. { Second Book fol. Printed 1655. { Third Book fol. Printed 1658.
9. Mr. John Gamble his first and second book of Ayres and Dialogues, first printed 1657, second 1659.
10. A Book of Catches and Rounds collected and published by John Hilton 1651, and now with large additions by John Playford, newly Reprinted 1658.
11. An Introduction to the Skill of Musick, Vocall and Instrumentall, with Instructions for the Violin by J. Playford, newly Reprinted 1658.
12. The Art of Descant, or composing Musick in parts, written by Dr. Champian, and enlarged by Mr. Christopher Simpson, printed 1655.

## Books for Instrumental Musick.

1. Mr. East Set of Fancies for Viols, containing 6 Fantazies for two Bals-Viols, 9 Fantazies for two Trebles and a Bass, and 12 Fantazies of 4 parts.
2. Court Ayres, of two parts, Bass and Treble, Viols or Violins, containing 245 Ayres, Corants and Sarabands, Composed by Dr. Coleman, Mr. William Lawes, Mr. John Jenkins, Mr. Ben. Rogers of Windsor; Mr. Christopher Symphon, and others: Printed 1656.
3. Mr. Matthew Lock his Little Consort of Three parts, Pavans, Almains, Corants and Sarabands, for Two Trebles and a Bass, for Viols or Violins: Printed 1657.
4. Musicks Recreation on the Lyra Viol, Containing 100 Lessons, viz. Preludiums, Almains, Corants, Sarabands, and several new and pleasant Tunes for the Lyra Viol, with Instructions for beginners: printed 1656.
5. A Book of New Lessons for the Cithren and Gittern, containing many new and pleasant Tunes, with plain and easie Instructions for Beginners thereon: Printed 1659.
6. The Dancing Master, containing 132 New and Choice Country Dances, Directing the Learner the manner how to understand the several Figures and Movements thereof; Also the Tunes set over each Dance, very useful to such as Praetise on the Treble Violin; In which Book is added 42 French Corants, and other Tunes to be plaid on the Treble Violin: printed 1657.

All sorts of Rul'd Paper for Musick ready Ruled, also Books of several Sizes ready bound up of very good Ruled Paper; Also very good Inke to prick Musick.

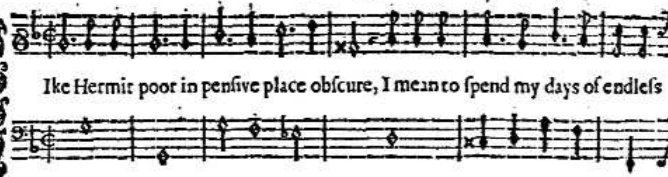
## Musick Books shortly to come forth.

A most Excellent Treatise of Musick, Entitled, *The Violist*, or an Introduction to play Division to a Ground, Teaching all things necessary to the Knowledge of the Viol, as also the Rudiments of Composition by a Method more short and easie then hath been heretofore delivered. Written by the most Knowing Master of that Instrument, Mr. Christopher Simpson.

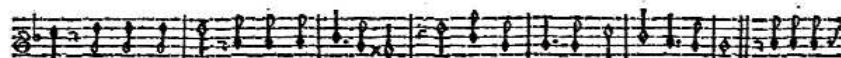
Also a Book for the *Virginals*, containing variety of new and choice Lessons, also Toys, and Jigs, Fitted for the practice of young Learners.

[1]

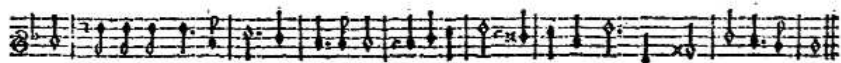
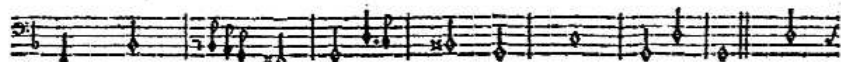
## A Lovers Melancholy Repose.



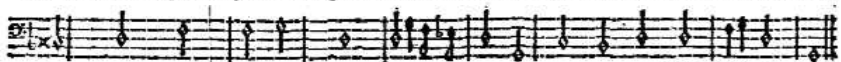
Ike Hermit poor in pensive place obscure, I mean to spend my days of endless



doubt to wait such woes as time cannot recure, where none but love shall ever find me out. And at my



gates, and at my gates despair shall linger still, to let in death, to let in death when love and fortune wil.



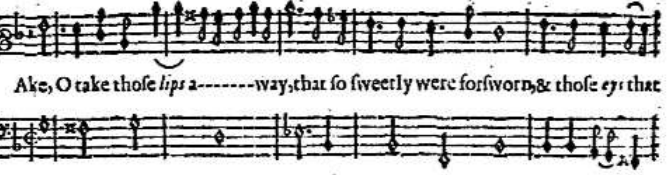
Mr. Nich. Lantaro.

A Gowne of gray my body shall attire,  
My staffe of broken hope whereon I'll stay,  
Of late repentance linkt with long desire,  
The Couch is fram'd whereon my limbe I lay,  
And at my gates, &c.

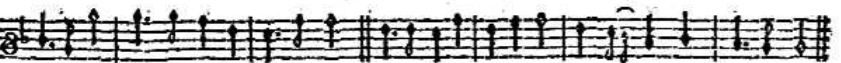
My food shall be of care and sorrow made,  
My drink nought else but tears ta'n from mine eyes,  
And for my light in this obscure shade,  
The flame may serve, which from my heart arise,  
And at my gates,

## Loves ingratitude.

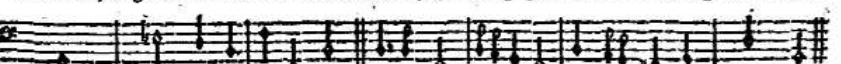
made by Shakespeare



Ake, O take those lips a-----way, that so sweetly were forsworn, & those eyes that



break of days, light that do mislead the morn, but my kisses bring again seals of love though seals in vain.



Dr. Wilson.

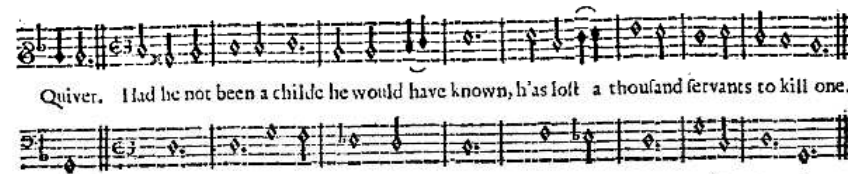
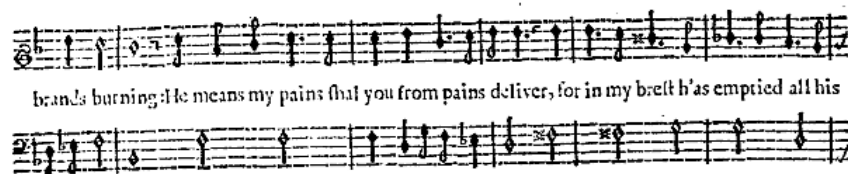
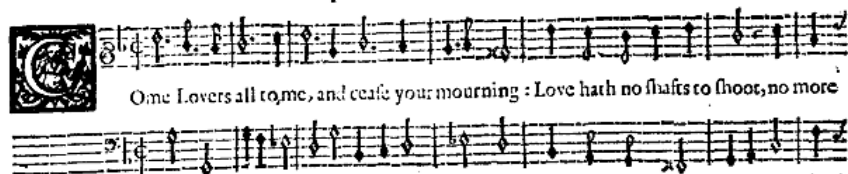
Hide, O hide those Hills of Snow  
That thy frozen Blossome bears;  
On whose tops the Pinks that grow,  
Are yet of those that April wears:  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in thole icy Chaines by thee.

P. B. S.



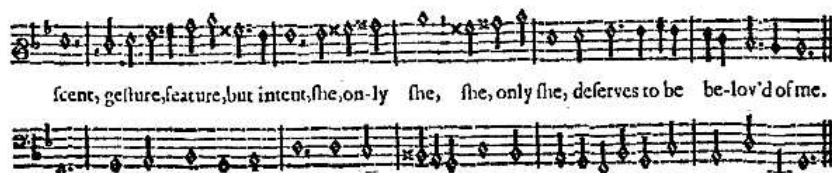
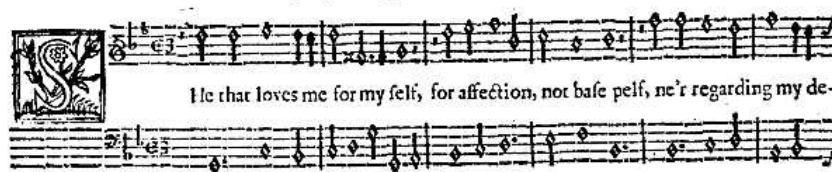
[2]

## Cupid's weak Artillery.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

## Love preferring Virtue above Wealth.



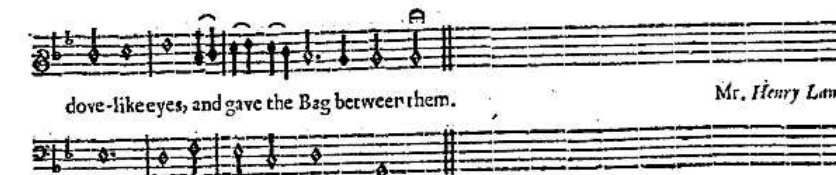
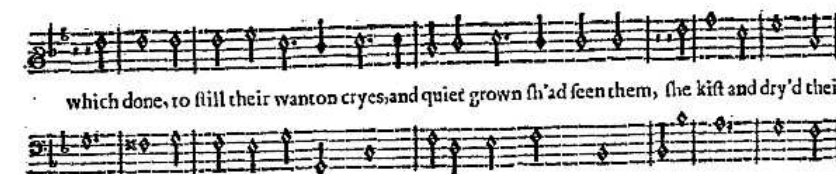
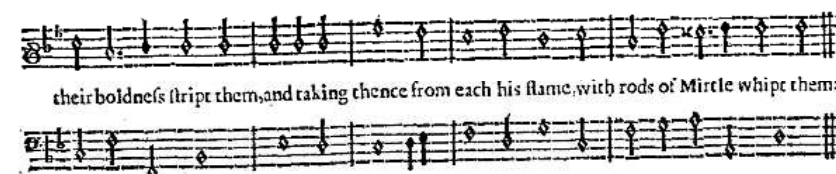
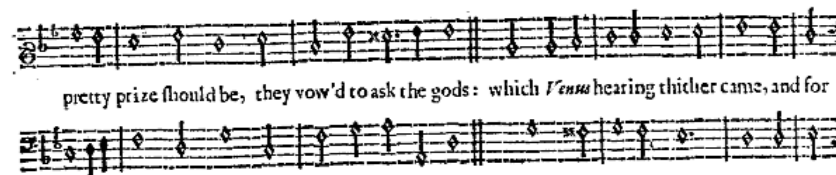
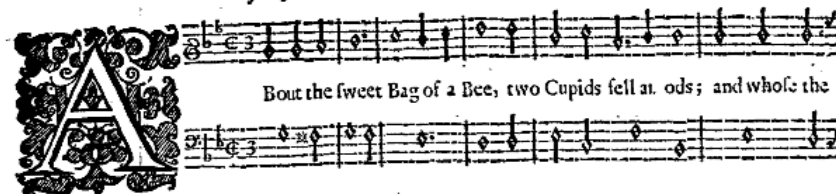
Mr. William Web.

She that loves me for no end,  
But because I am her friend;  
Never doubting my desire,  
But believ'd it sacred fire;  
She only she, deserves to be belov'd of me.

She that loves me with resolve  
Ne'er to alter till dissolve;  
Slighting all things, that stern face  
May hereafter seem to threat:  
She, only she, deserves to be belov'd of me.

[3]

## A strife betwixt two Cupids reconciled.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

[4]

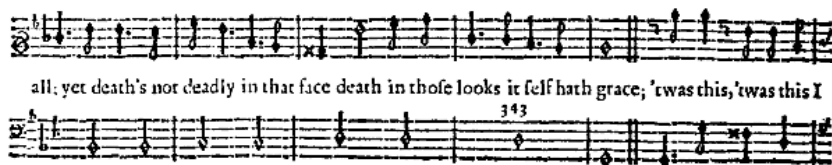
## Venus lamenting her lost Adonis.



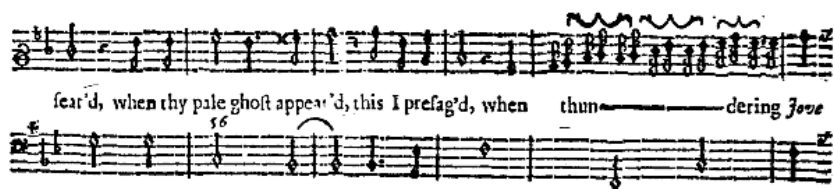
Ake my Adonis, do not die, one life's enough for thee and I; where are thy



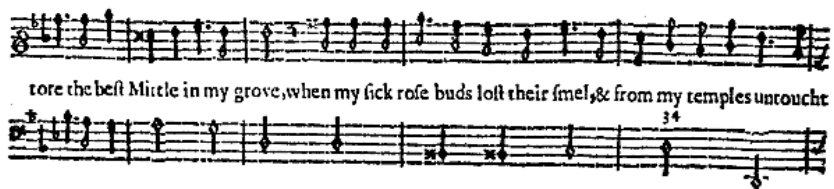
looks, thy wiles thy fears, thy frowns, thy smiles? alas, in vain I call, one death hath snatcht them



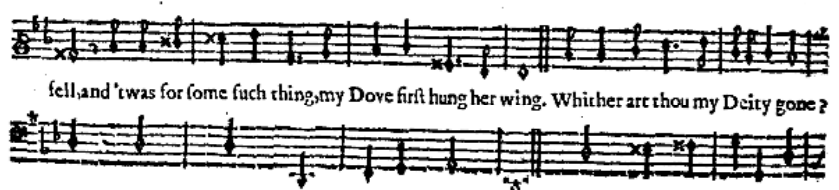
all; yet death's not deadly in that face death in those looks it self hath grace; 'twas this, 'twas this I



fear'd, when thy pale ghost appear'd, this I presag'd, when thundring Jove

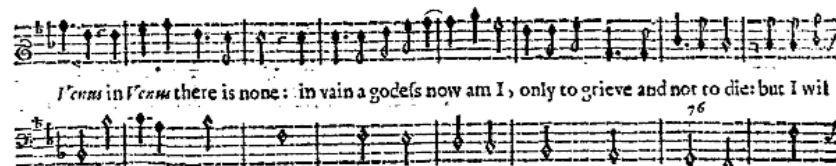


tore the best Mistle in my grove, when my sick rose buds lost their smell, &amp; from my temples untoucht

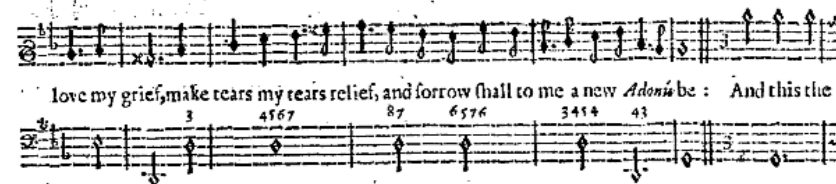


fell, and 'twas for some such thing, my Dove first hung her wing. Whither art thou my Deity gone?

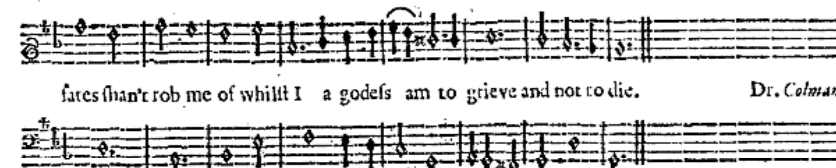
[5]



I'ems in Venus there is none: in vain a goddess now am I, only to grieve and not to die: but I wil



love my griefs, make tears my fears relief, and sorrow shall to me a new Adonis be: And this the



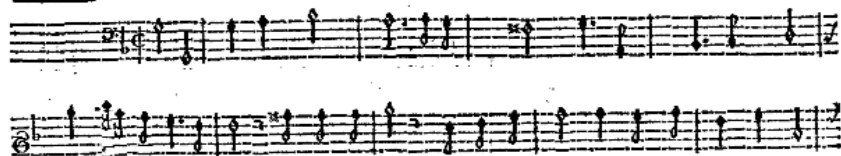
fates shan't rob me of whilst I a goddess am to grieve and not to die.

Dr. Colman.

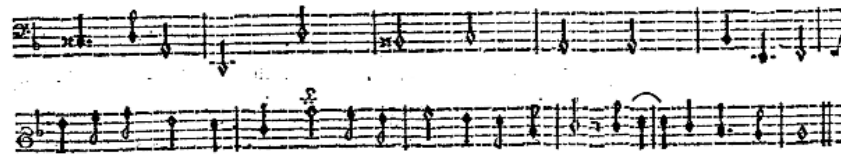
## To his Love Answering No.



Tay, stay, O stay, that heart, I vow 'tis mine; ravish'd from hence by her whose parts divine;



words cannot fully speak, now seeks her cure, whose on--ly No, sent from her lips most pure,



makes it thus range from me, woe's me that No, lost me that heart, and fills its place with wo.

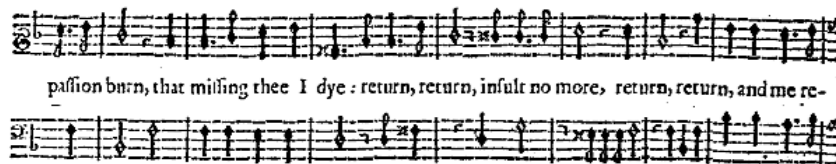


O hold it fast, I come yet let it fly,  
I cannot move, 'tis pity both should dy;  
Perhaps she may relent, and with one yea  
Give us a second life, treble our bliss;  
If not, farewell my heart, I've pleas'd mine eyes,  
Since thou art lost, sees thee her sacrifice.

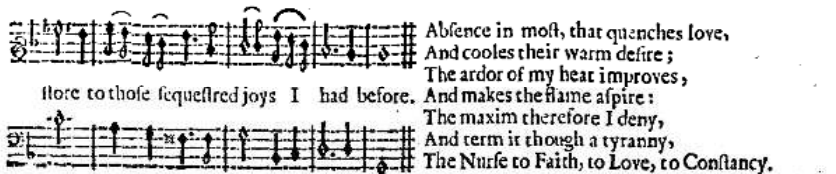
Dr. Colman.

*On his Loves Absence.*

Ring back my comfort and return, for well thou know'st that I in such a vigorous



passion burn, that missing thee I dye: return, return, insult no more, return, return, and me re-

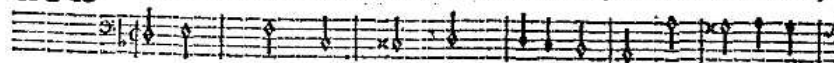


store to those sequestred joys I had before. Absence in most, that quenches love,  
And cooles their warm desire;  
The ardor of my heart improves,  
And makes the flame aspire:  
The maxim therefore I deny,  
And term it though a tyranny,  
The Nurse to Faith, to Love, to Constancy.

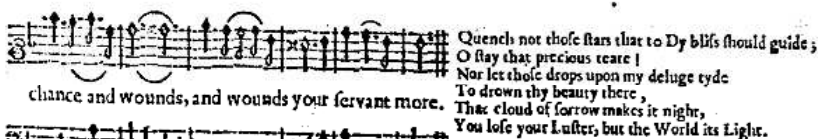
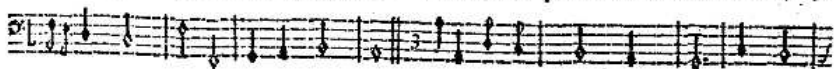
Mr. Edward Colman.

*Beauty clouded with grief.*

My dearest should you weep, when I relate the story of my woe? let not the swarthy



mill of my black fate o'recall thy beauty so: For each rich pearl lost on that score adds to mis-



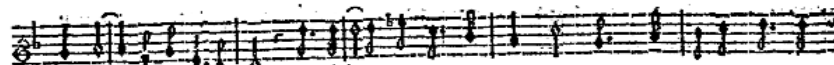
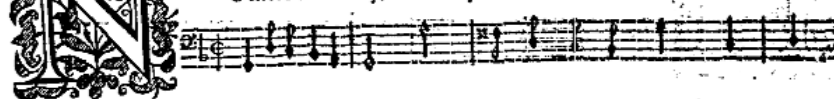
chance and wounds, and wounds your servant more.

Quench not those stars that to thy bliss should guide;  
O stay that precious teare!  
Nor let those drops upon my deluge tyde  
To drown thy beauty there,  
That cloud of sorrow makes it night,  
You lose your Luster, but the World its Light.

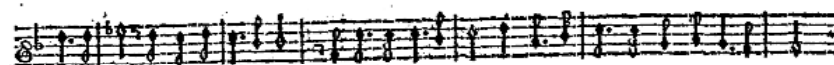
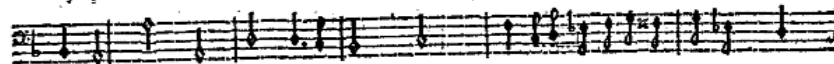
Mr. Edward Colman.

*On Loves Artillery.*

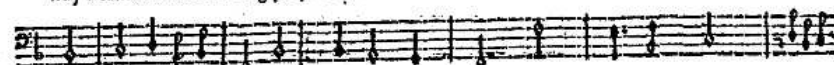
O more blind Boy, for see my heart is made thy quiver, where remains no



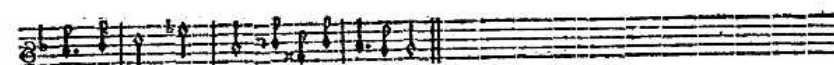
voyd place for an-other dart; and a--lls that conquest gains small prayse, that on-ly brings a-



way a tame and un-resisting prey: behold a noble Foe all arm'd, desires thy weak Ar-til-le-ry,



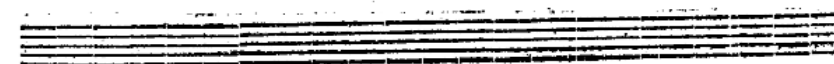
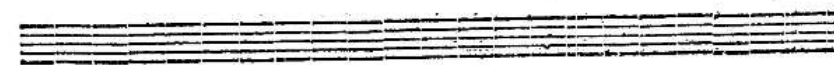
that hath thy bow and quiver charm'd, a Rebell Beauty conqu'ring thee; if thou dar'st e-quill



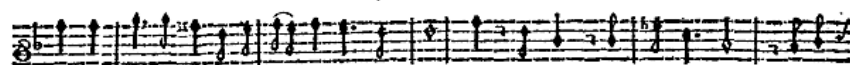
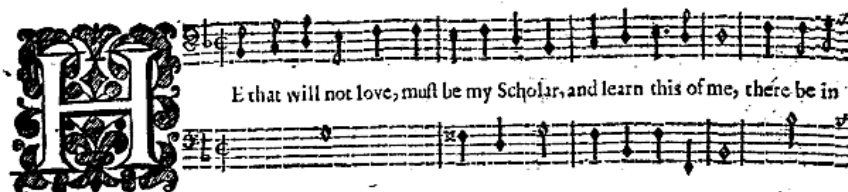
combate try, wound her, for 'tis for her I dye.



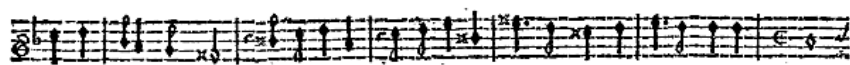
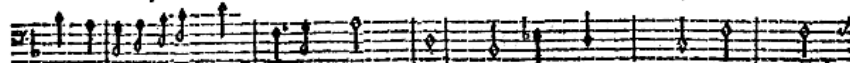
Mr. Jeremy Savil.



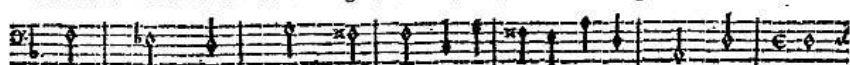
## On the Vicissitudes of Love.



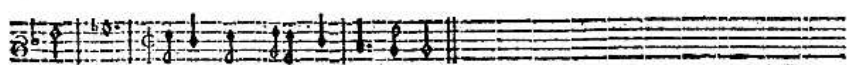
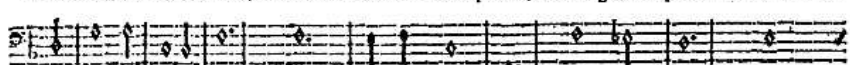
love as many fears as the Summer corn hath ears; sighs, and sobs, and troubles more than the



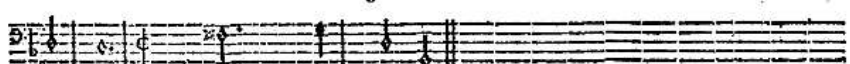
land that makes the shoar: Now an Ague, then a Fever, both tormenting Lovers e-ver. Would it



thou know besides all these, how hard a Woman 'tis to please? how high she's priz'd whose worth's

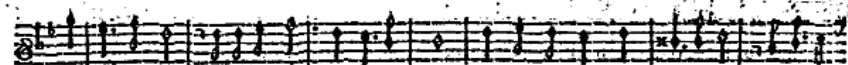
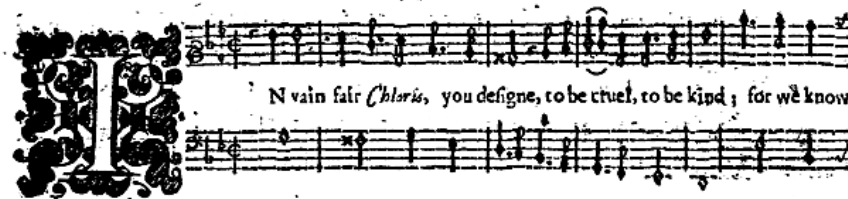


but small? little thou'lt love, or nought at all.

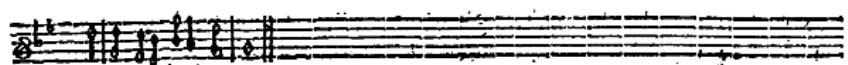
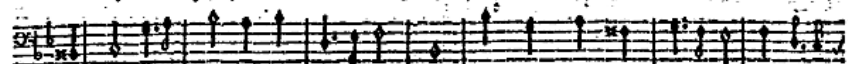


Mr. William Lawes.

## A false designe to be cruel.

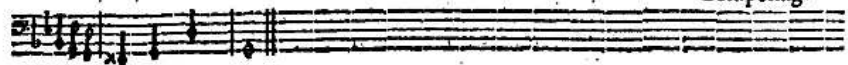


with all your arts, you never hold but willing hearts; men are too wise grown to expire with broken



shafts, and painted fire.

The Lady Deering's  
Composing.



## II.

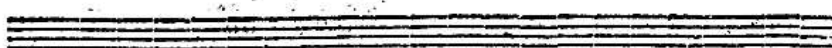
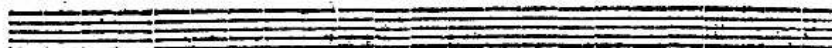
And if among a thousand Swains  
Some one of Love, or Fate complains;  
And all the stars in heav'n conspire,  
With *Clara's* lip, or *Celia's* eye:  
'Tis not their love the Youth would chuse,  
But the glory to refuse.

## III.

Then wisely make your prize of those  
Want wit, or courage to oppose;  
But tempt me not that can discover  
What will redeem the fondest Lover:  
And flee the list, lest it appear  
Your pow'r is measur'd by our fear.

## IV.

So the rude wave securely shocks  
The yielding Bark, but the stiff rocks  
If it attempt, how soon again  
Broke and dissolv'd it fills the Main:  
It foams and roars, but we deride  
Alike its weakness, and its pride.





## Constancy in Love.

**I**s not it<sup>h</sup> pow'r of all thy scorn or un-renting hate, to quench my  
flames, or make them burn with heat more temperate: still do I struggle with despair, and ever  
court disdain; and though you ne'r prove lesse severe, He dote up--on my pain.

(3) Yet meaner beauties cannot claime  
In Love this tyranny,  
They must pretend an equal flame,  
Or else our passions die:  
You faire *Clarinda* you alone  
Are priz'd at such a rate,  
To have a Votary of one  
Whom you do reprobate.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

## On Inconstancy.

**M**istake me not, I am as cold as hot: Mistake me not, I am as cold as hot:  
Although my tongue betray my heart ore night, ere morn, ere morn, ere morn I'm alter'd quite.

II. Sometime I burn, and straight to Ice I turn,  
Ther's nothing so unconstant as my mind,  
I change ♫ ♫ with every wind.

III. Perhaps in jest, I said I lov'd thee best,  
But 'twas no more, then what not long before  
I vow'd ♫ ♫ to twenty more.

IV. Then prethee see, thou giv'st no heed to me;  
For when I cannot keep my word a day,  
What hope ♫ ♫ hadst thou to stay.

Mr. Tho. Brewer.

## On Womens Inconstancy.

**A**tch me a Star that's fal--ling from the Skie, Cause an Immortal  
creature for to die; Stop with thy hand the Current of the Seas; Peirce the earths Center

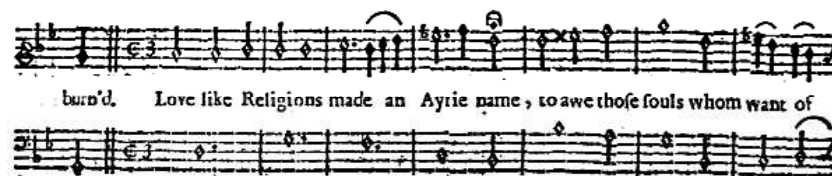
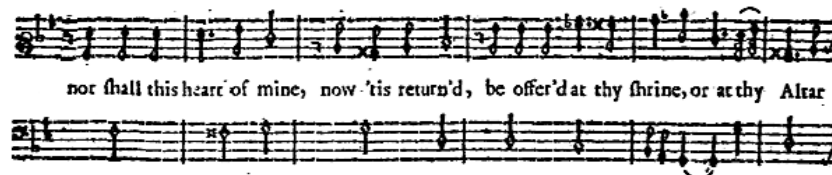
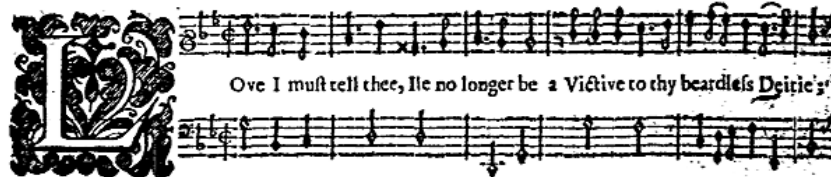
to th' Antipodies; Cause Time return, and call back Yesterday, Cloath *Ja-nu-ary* like the

moneth of *May*; Weigh me an ounce of Flame, Blow back the wind; Then hast thou found

Faith in a Womans mind.

John Playford.

## A Resolution not to Love.



John Playford.

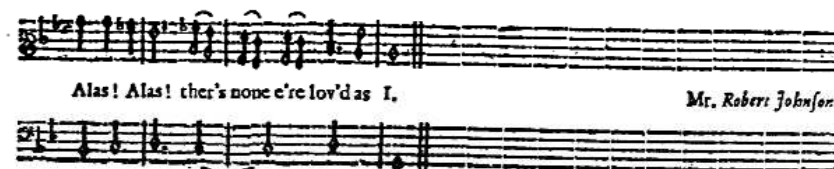
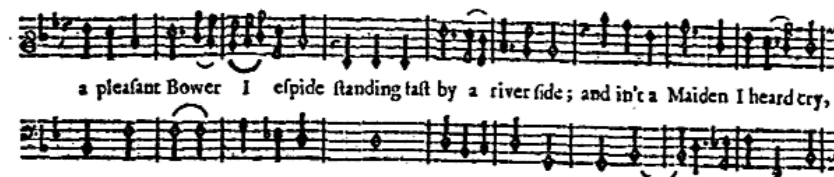
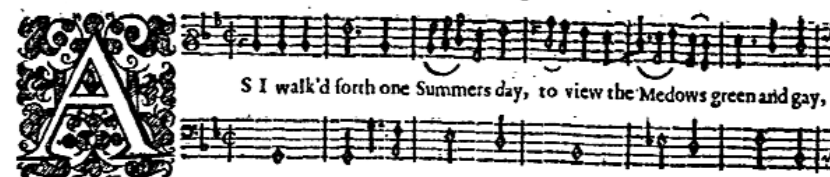
## II.

Ther's no such thing as Quiver, Shaft, or Bow,  
Nor do's Love wound, but we Imagine so:  
Or if it do's perplex and grieve the mind,  
'Tis the poor masculine self: women no sorrow find.  
'Tis not our parts or person that can move 'um,  
Nor is 'e-mens worth, but wealth, makes women love 'um.

## III.

Reason henceforth, not Love, shall be my guide,  
Our fellow Creatures shan't be deicide:  
Ile now a Rebell be, and so pull down  
That distaff: Hierarchy and females fanci'd crown,  
In these unbridled times who will not strive  
To free his neck from all prerogative.

## A Forsaken Lovers Complaint.



Mr. Robert Johnson.

## II.

Then round the meadow did she walk,  
Catching each flower by the stalk;  
Such flowers as in the meadow grew,  
The Dead-mans Thumb, an Hearb all blew.  
And as she pull'd them, still cry'd she,  
Alas! Alas! none e're lov'd like me.

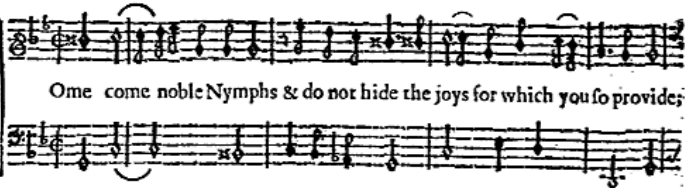
## III.

The Flowers of the sweetest sent  
She bound about with knotty Bents,  
And as she bound them up in Bands  
She wept, she sigh'd and wrung her hands,  
Alas! Alas! Alas! cry'd she,  
Alas! none was e're lov'd like me.

## IV.

When she had fill'd her Apron full  
Of such greene things as she could cull,  
The green leaves serv'd her for a Bed  
The Flowers were the Pillow for her head:  
Then down she laid, ne'r more did speak;  
Alas! Alas! with Love her heart did break.

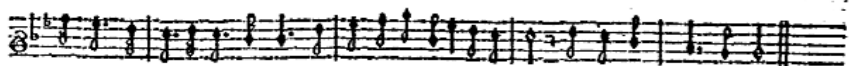
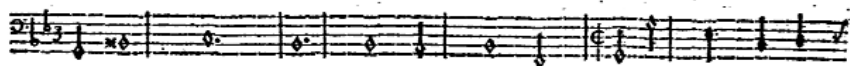
## At a Masque, to invite the Ladies to Dance.



Ome come noble Nymphs & do not hide the joys for which you so provide;



If not to mingle with us men, what make you here? go home a-gen. Your dressings do confesse



by what we see, so curious parts of *Pallas*; and *Arachnes* Arts, that you could mean no less.



## II.

Mr. William Webb.

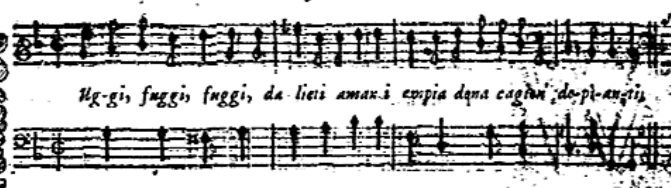
Why do you were the Silk-worms toyls?  
Or glory in the Shel-fish spoils?  
Or strive to shew the grains of Ore  
That you have gathered long before?  
Whereof to make a Stock  
To graft the greener Emrauld on,  
Or any better water'd Stone,  
Or Ruby of the Rock.

## III.

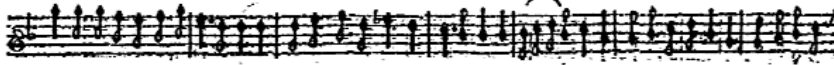
Why do you smell of Amber-greece,  
Whereof was formed *Neptunes* Neece,  
The Queen of Love? unless you can  
Like Sea-born *Venus*, love a man?  
Try, put your selves unto't:  
Your Looks, and Smiles, and Thoughts that meet;  
Ambrosian-hands, and Silver-feet,  
Do promise you will do't.



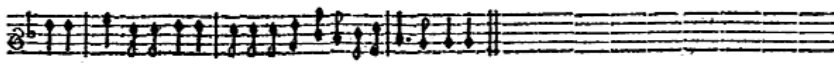
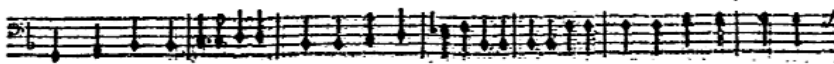
## An Italian Ayre.



*Ug-gi, fuggi fuggi, da lieti amari empia d'una cagion do-plangia*



*Che non giaper essere Crudele ma per essere ingrata & infidele ogni core t'ha ni horrore, fuggi, fuggi,*

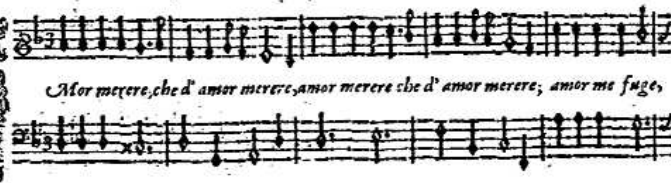


*fuggi, che chiù mira perche vivi pe-ange e sos pira.*



*Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, fallace sera  
Frede in fernalc empia ma gera  
Che se bene hai di donna l'aspetto  
Di furia un core nascendi nel petto  
Tutta danno tuti' inganno  
Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi, ch'ognun che t'ama  
Il tuo ben giange, e il tuo mal brama.*

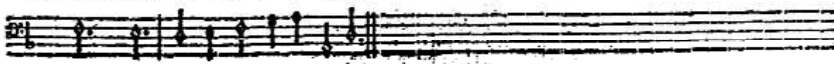
## A French Ayre.



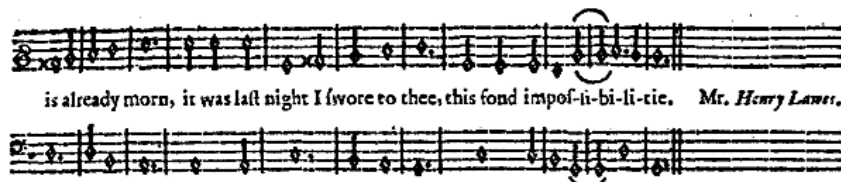
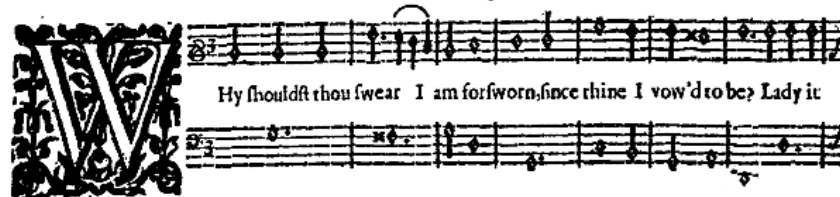
*Mor merere, che d' amor merere, amor merere che d' amor merere, amor me fuge,*



*amor me struge, non pos a pue, non pos a pue.*



## Loves Scrutiny.

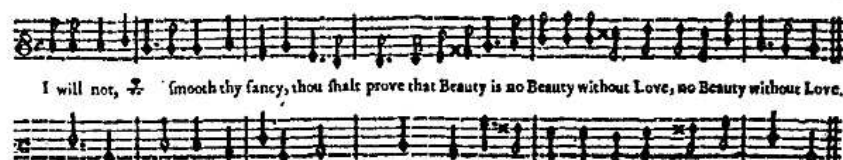
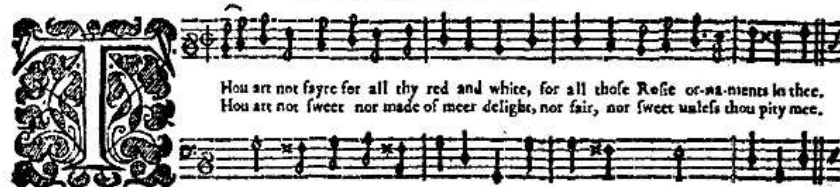


II.  
Have I not lov'd thee much and long,  
A tedious twelve houres space?  
I should all other Beauties wrong,  
And rob thee of a new embrace,  
Should I still dote upon thy face.

III.  
Not that all Joyes in thy brown hair  
By others may be found:  
But I will search the black, the fair,  
Like skillfull Mineralists that fount  
For treasures in unplow'd ground.

IV.  
Then if when I have lov'd thee round,  
Thou prove the pleasant she,  
In spoyle of meaner Beauties crown'd,  
I laden will return to thee,  
Ev'n sated with variety.

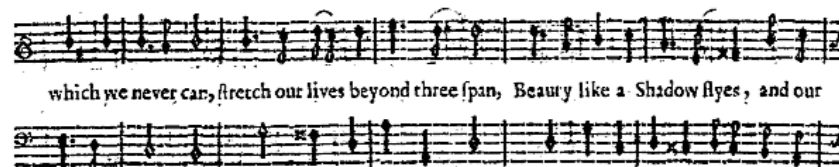
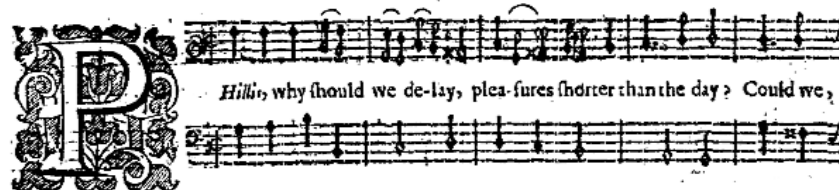
## No Beauty without Love.



II.  
Yet love not me, nor seek thou to allure  
My thoughts with beauty, were it now divine;  
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot endure,  
I'll not be wrapt up in those armes of thine.  
Now shew if thou be a woman right,  
Embrace, and kiss, and love me in despite.

Mr. Nich. Lammere.

## Delays in Love breeds Danger.

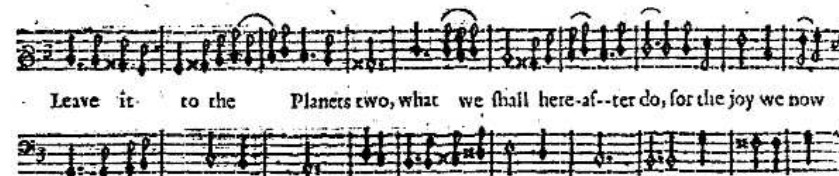


II.

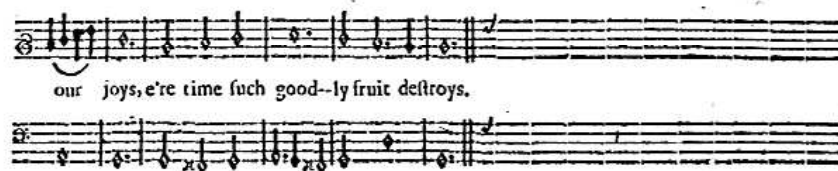
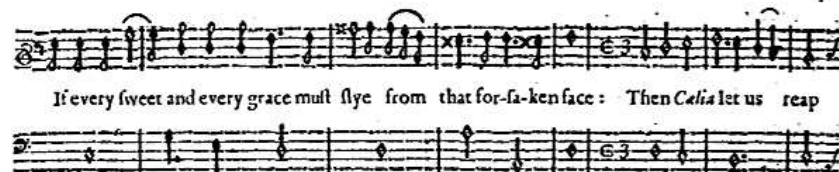
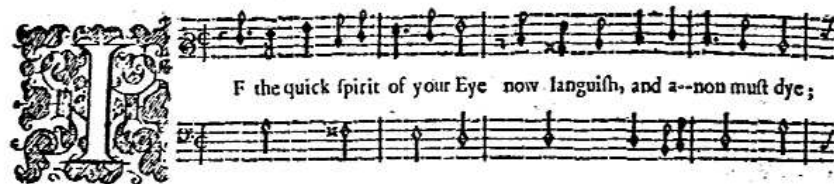
Or would Youth and Beauty stay,  
Love ha's wings, and will away;  
Love ha's swifter wings than time,  
Change in love too oft do's chime;  
Gods that never change their state,  
Very oft their love and hate.

III.

Phillis, to this truth we owe  
All the love betwixt us now;  
Let not you and I require  
What ha's been our past desire;  
On what Shepherds you have smil'd,  
Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd.

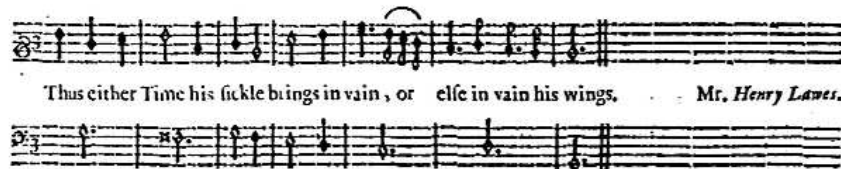
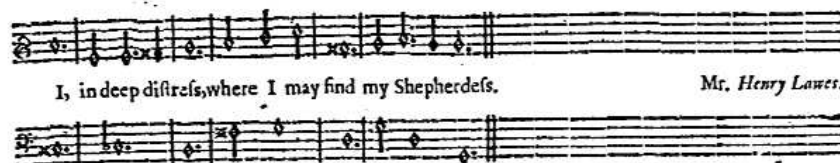
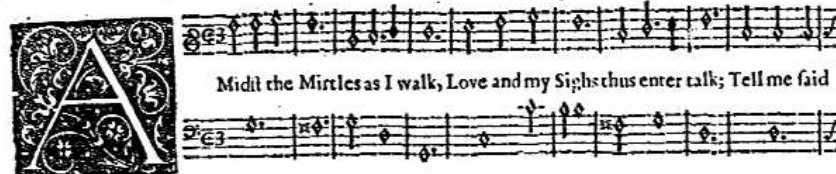




*On Calia's Coyneffe.*

## II.

Or if that Golden Fleece must grow, for ever free from aged Snow;  
 If those bright Suns must know no shade, nor your fresh Beauty ever fade;  
 Then *Calia* feare not to bellow,  
 What still being gather'd, Will must grow.

*Loves sweet Repose.*

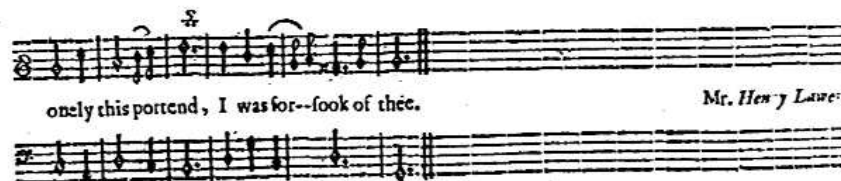
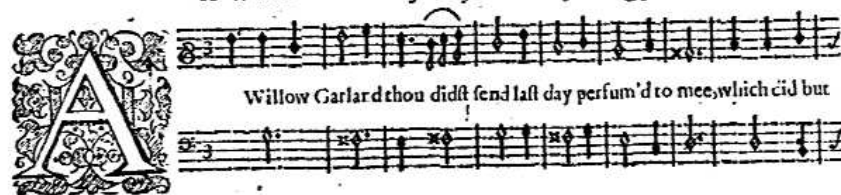
Then Fool (ſaid Love) know'ſt thou not this,  
 In every thing that's good ſhe is,  
 In yonder Tulip go and ſeck,  
 There thou ſhalt find her Lip and Cheek.

In that inamell'd Fancy by  
 There ſhalt thou find her curious Eye;  
 In bloom of Peach, in Roſes bud  
 There wave the ſtreams of her bloud.

'Tis true, ſaid I, and thereupon;  
 And went and pluckt them one by one  
 To make a part a union,  
 But on a ſuddain all was gone.

At which I ſtopt; ſaid Love, theſe bee  
 Fond man, resemblances of thee;  
 For as theſe Flowers thy joy muſt dye,  
 Even in the turning of an eye.

And all thy hopes of her muſt wither,  
 As do thoſe Flowers when knit together.

*A Willow Garland ſent for a Newyears-gift.*

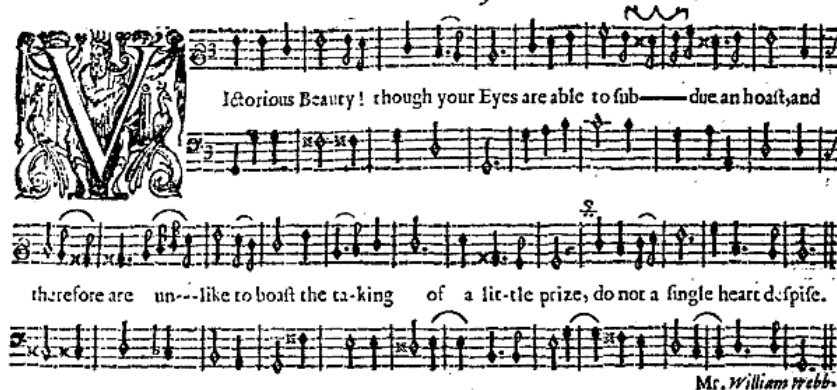
## II.

Since that it is, I'll tell the what,  
 To morrow thou ſhalt ſee  
 Me wear the Willow, after that  
 To dye upon the tree.

## III.

As Beaſts unto the Alter go  
 With Garlands, ſo I  
 Will with my Willow wreath alſo  
 Come forth, and ſweetly die.

## Loves Victory.



II.  
I came alone, but yet so arm'd  
With former love I durst have sworn  
That as that privy coat was worn,  
With characters of beauty charm'd,  
Thereby I might have escap'd unharm'd.

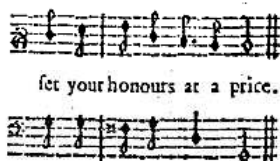
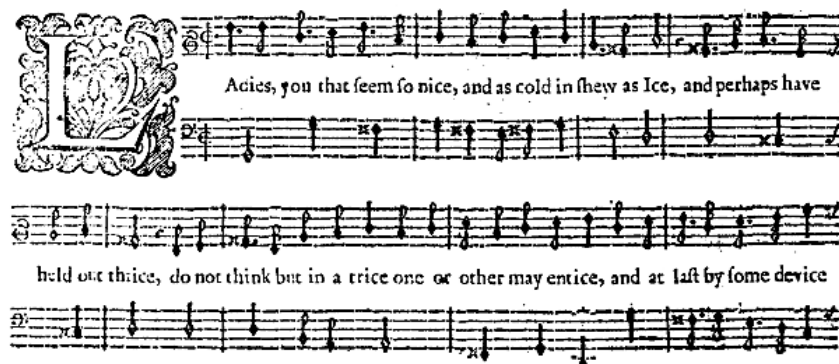
IV.  
But neither steel nor stony brasse  
Are proofs against those looks of thine,  
Nor can a beauty lesse divide,  
By any heart be long posselt,  
Where you intend an interell.

III.  
The Conquest in regard of me,  
Alas is small! but in respect  
Of her that did my Love protect,  
Where it divulg'd, deserv'd to be  
Recorded for a Victorie.

V.  
And such a one as chance to view  
Her lovely face, perhaps may stay,  
Though you have stole my heart away;  
If all your servants prove not true,  
May steal a heart or two from you.

Mr. William Webb.

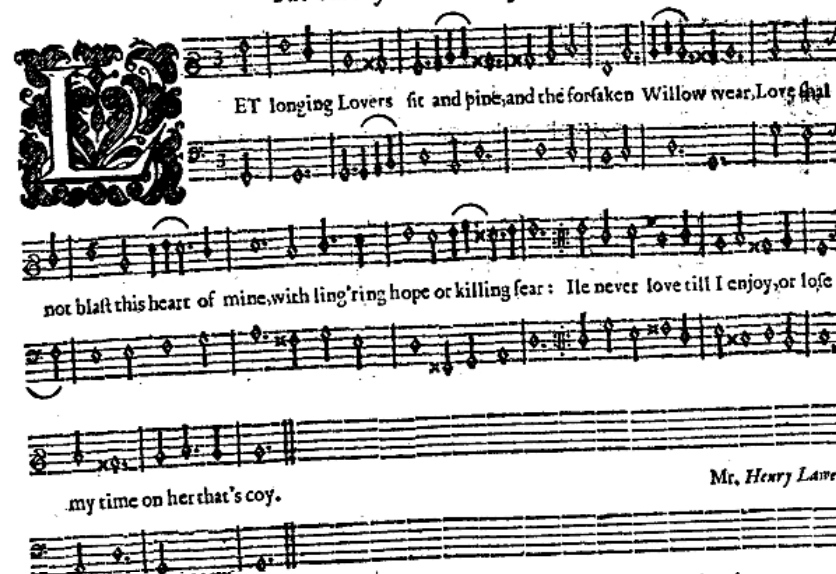
## Diswasion from Presumption.



You whose smooth and dainty skin,  
Rose lips, or cheeks, or chin,  
All that gaze upon you win,  
Yet insult not, sparks within,  
Slowly burn ere flames begin,  
And presumption till hath bin  
Held a most notorious sin.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

## The Careless Lovers Resolution.

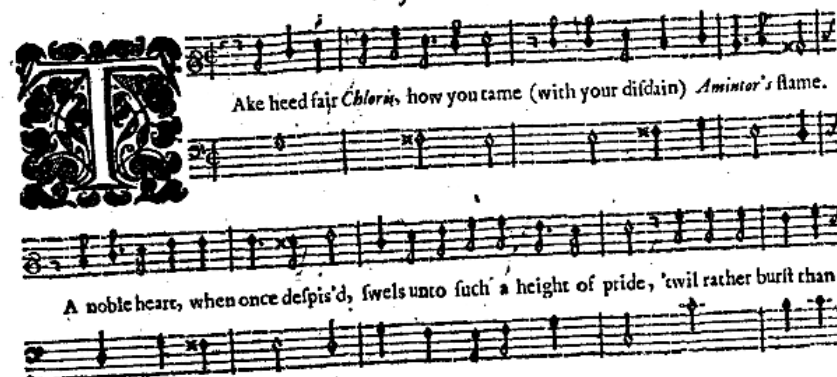


If Ladies call us to the field,  
And all their Colours there display,  
Alasse! they needs must to us yield,  
Since we are better arm'd than they;  
'Tis folly then to beg or whine  
For us that are born Masculine.

Then Lovers learn your strength to know,  
And you may overcome with ease,  
Your enemy fights with a Bow  
That cannot wound, unless you please;  
And he that pines because thee's coy,  
Wants wit, or courage, women say.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

## Disdain.

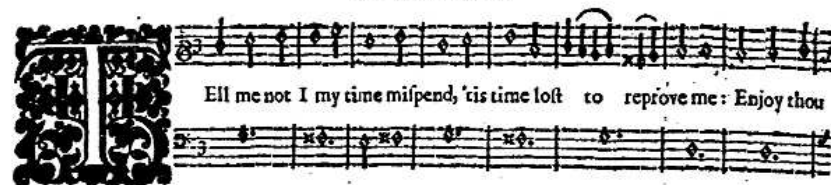


II.  
You may use, common shepherds so,  
My flames at last to storms will grow,  
And blow such scraps upon thy pride,  
Will blast all I have magnifi'd;  
You are not fair when Love you lack,  
Ingratitude makes all things black.

III.  
O do not for a flock of sheep,  
A golden shewre when as you sleep,  
Or for the tales ambition tells,  
Forsake the house where honor dwells,  
In Demons palace you'll ne'r shine  
So bright as in these arms of mine.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

## Loves Fruition.



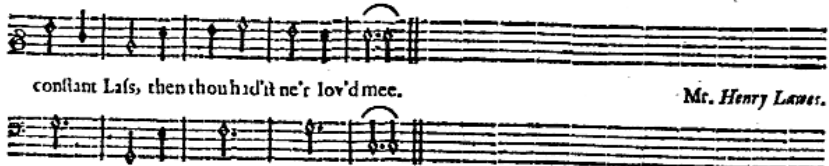
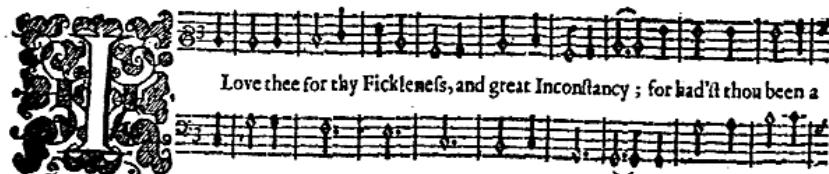
Tell me not others flocks are full,  
Mine poor, let them despise me  
That more abound with Milk, and Wool,  
So *Chloris* only prize me.

For pity thou that wiser art,  
Whose thoughts lies wide of mine;  
Let me alone with my one heart,  
And I'll ne'r envy thine.

Try other easier eares with these  
Unappertaining Stories;  
He never feels the Worlds disease,  
That cares not for her Glories.

Nor blame whoever blames my wit,  
That seek's no higher prize  
Then in unenvy'd Shades to sit,  
And sing of *Chloris* Eyes.

## Loves Drollery.



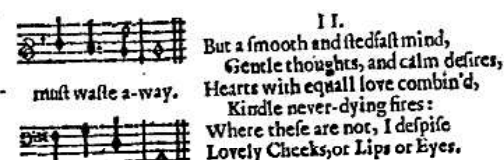
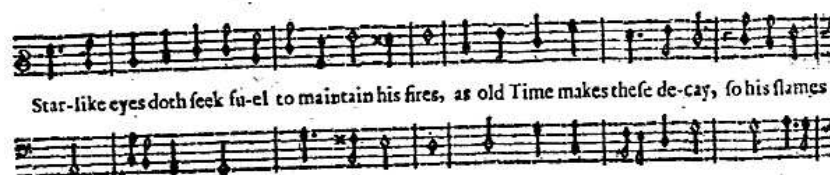
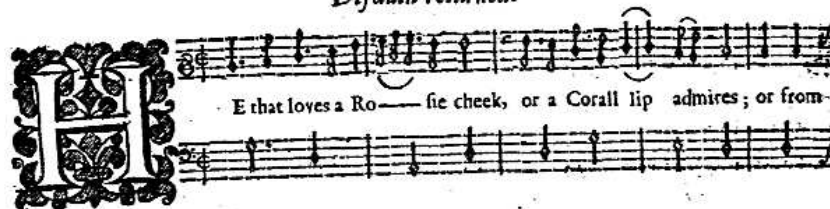
I love thee for thy Wantoness,  
And for thy Drollerie;  
For if thou had'st not lov'd to sport,  
Then thou had'st ne'r lov'd mee.

I love thee for thy poverty,  
And for thy want of Coyne;  
For if thou had'st been worth a Groat,  
Then thou had'st ne'r been mine.

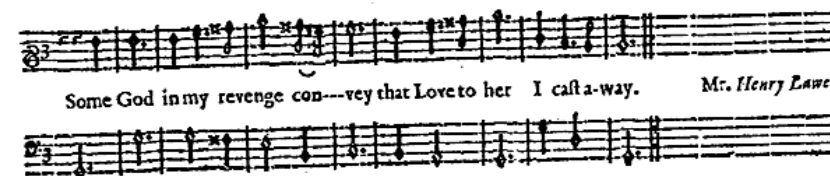
I love thee for thy Uglyness,  
And for thy foolerie;  
For if thou had'st been fair or wise,  
Then thou had'st ne'r lov'd mee.

Then let me have thy heart a while,  
And thou shalt have my mony;  
He part with all the wealth I have,  
To enjoy a Lass so Bonny.

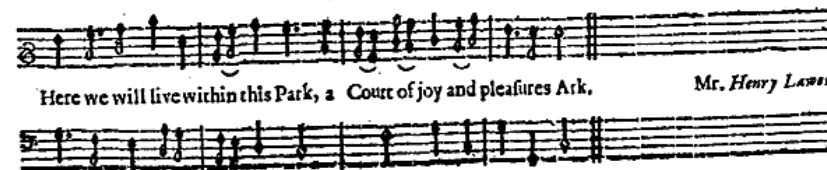
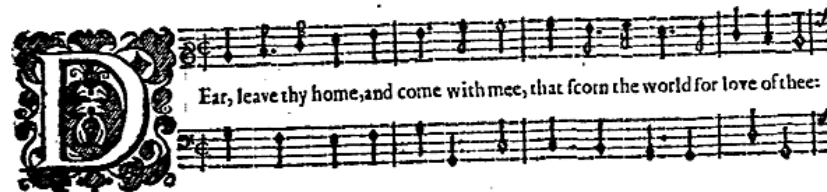
## Disdain returned.



III.  
*Calia*, now no tears can win  
My resolv'd heart to return;  
I have search'd thy soul with this,  
And find nought but pride and scorn:  
I have learn'd those Arts, and now  
Can disdain as much as thou.



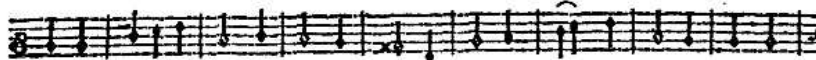
## Loves Content.



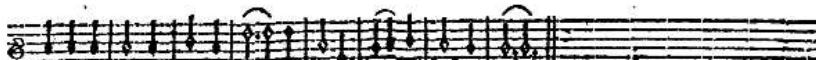
## To his Forsaken Mistress.



Do confels th'art smooth and fair, and I might ha' gon neer to



love thee, had I not found the sleightest pray'r that lip could move, had pow'r to move thee.



But I can let thee now a--lone, as worthy to be lov'd by none.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

## II.

I do confels th'art sweet, yet find  
Thee such an Unthrift of thy Sweets;  
Thy favours are but like the wind,  
Which kisseth ev'ry thing it meets:  
And since thou canst with more than one,  
Th'art worthy to be kiss'd by none.

## III.

The morning Rose that untouch'd stands,  
Arm'd with her briars, how sweet thee smells!  
But pluck'd, and strain'd through ruder hands,  
Her sweets no longer with her dwells;  
But Sent and Beauty both are gone,  
And Leaves fall from her one by one.

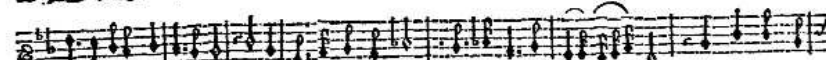
## IV.

Such Fate e're long will thee betide,  
When thou hast handled been a while,  
With fear Flow'rs to be thrown aside;  
And I shall sigh when some will smile,  
To see thy love to ev'ry one  
Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none.

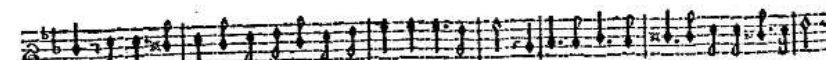
## To a Lady singing.



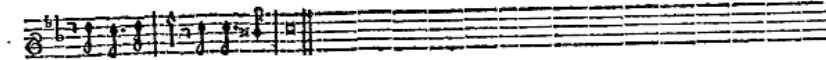
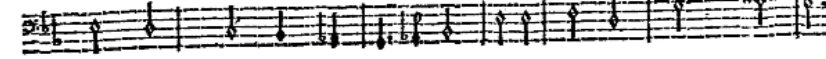
Hile I list—en to thy voice, *Chloris*, I feel my life de—cay, that pow'rful noise



calls my fleeting soul away; O suppress that magick sound, which destroyes without a wound! Peace, peace, *Chloris*,

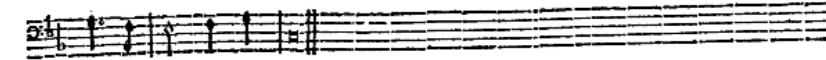


peace, or singing dye, that together thou and I to heav'n may go; for all we know of what the blessed do above,



is that they sing, and that they love.

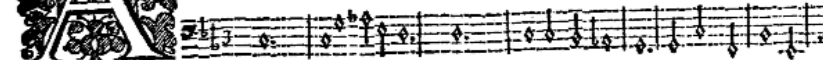
Mr. Henry Lawes.



## On a Bleeding Lover.

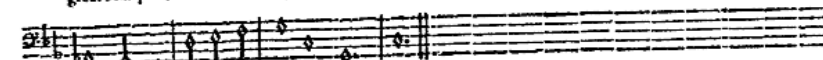


Lover once I did espy, with bleeding heart and weeping eye; he wept and cry'd, How



great's his pain, that lives in love, and loves in vain.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

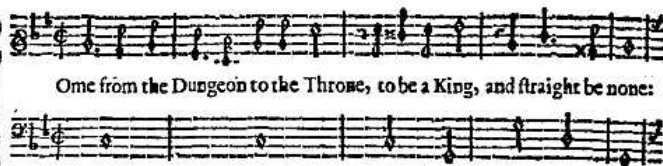


II.  
Can there (says he) no cure be found,  
But by the hand that gave the wound?  
Then let me dye, which I'll endure,  
Since she wants charity to cure.

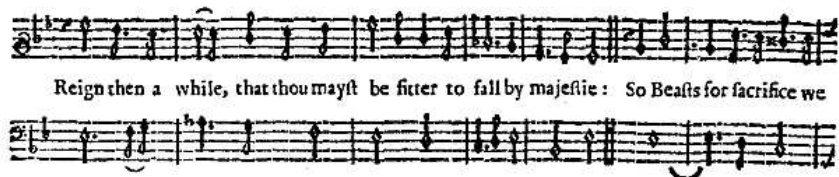
III.  
Yet let her one day feel the pain,  
To wither she had cur'd, and with in vain;  
For wither'd cheeks may chance recover  
Some sparks of love, but not a Lover.



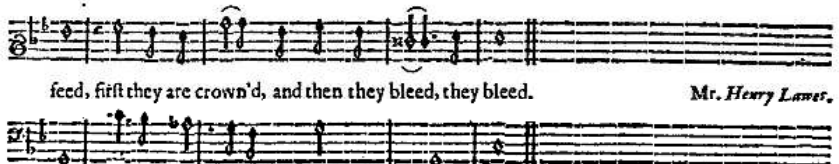
## Two Songs in the Play of The Royal Slave.



Come from the Dungeon to the Throne, to be a King, and straight be none:



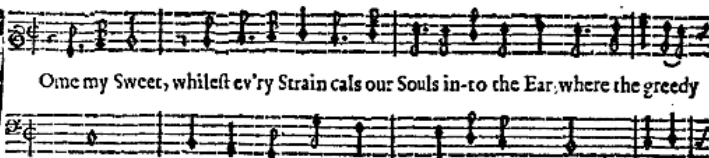
Reign then a while, that thou mayst be fitter to fall by majestie: So Beasts for sacrifice we



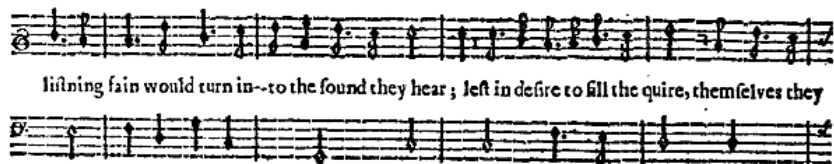
feed, first they are crown'd, and then they bleed, they bleed.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

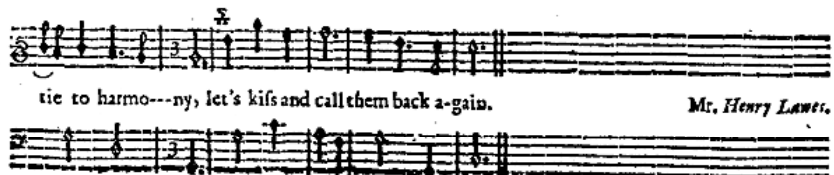
## Love and Musick.



Come my Sweet, whilst ev'ry Strain calls our Souls in-to the Ear, where the greedy



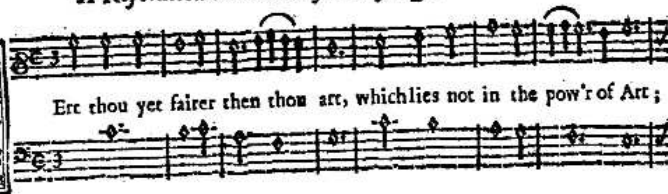
listening fain would turn in--to the sound they hear; left in desire to fill the quire, themselves they



tie to harmo---ny, let's kiss and call them back a-gain.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

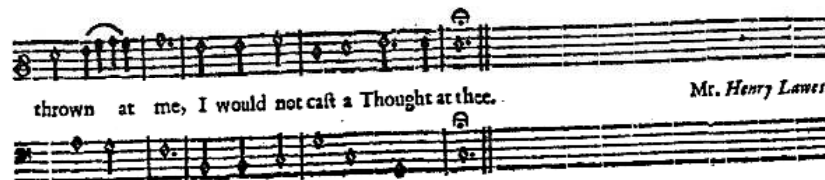
## A Resolution in choice of a Mistresse.



Ere thou yet fairer then thou art, which lies not in the pow'r of Art;



or hadst thou in thine Eyes more Darts, then Cupids e---ver shot at Hearts; yet if they were not



thrown at me, I would not cast a Thought at thee.

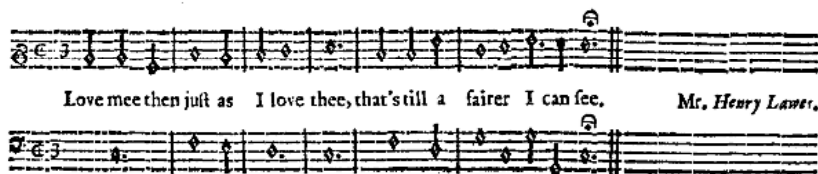
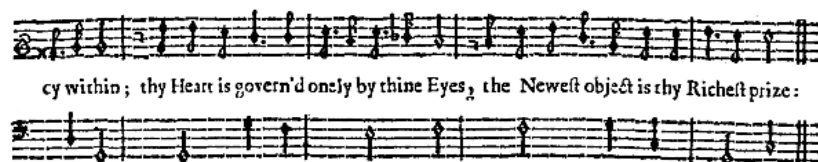
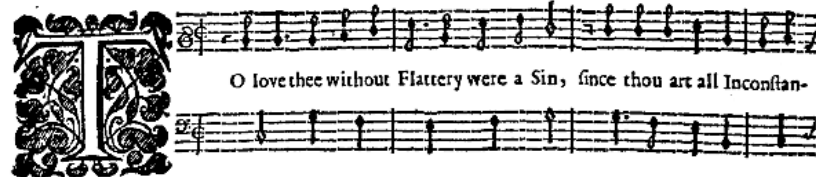
Mr. Henry Lawes.

## II.

I'de rather marry a disease,  
Then court the thing I cannot please:  
She that would cherish my desires  
Must court my flames with equall fires:  
What pleasure is there in a Kiss  
To him that doubts the Heart's not his?

## III.

I love thee not 'cause thou art fair,  
Softer than down, smooother than air;  
Not for the Cupid: that do lye  
In either corner of thine Eye:  
Would you then know what it might be?  
'Tis I love you 'cause you love me.

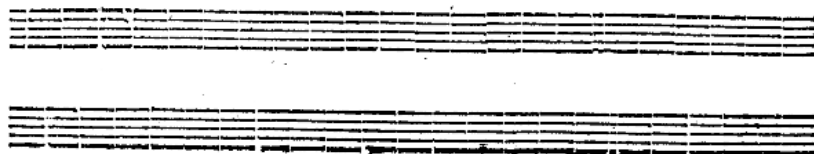
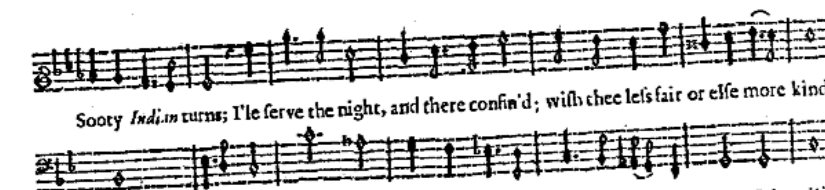
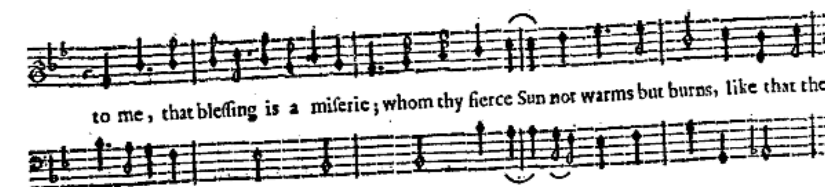
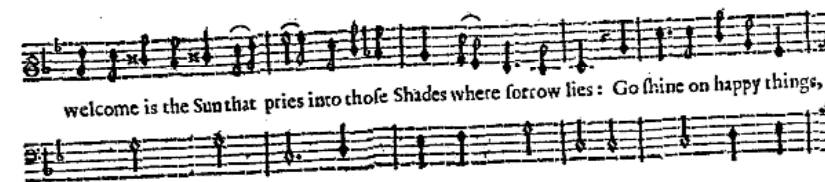
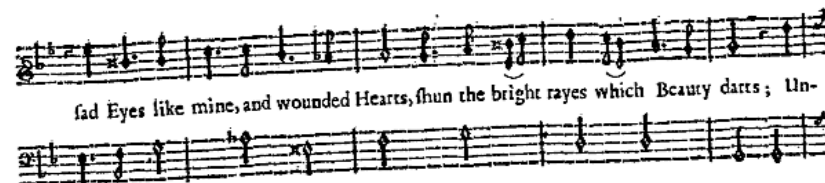
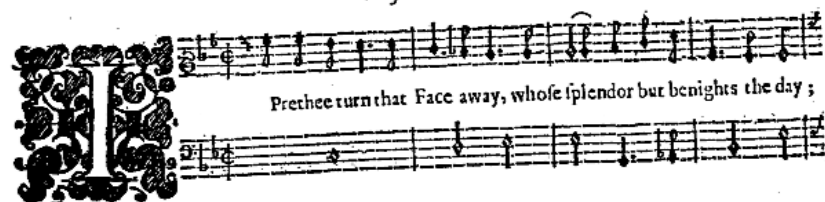
*Inconstancy in Love.*

## II.

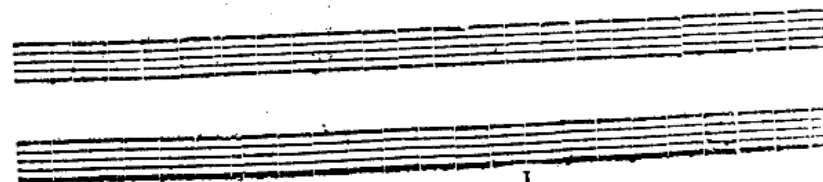
My thoughts are now at liberty, and can  
Love all that's fair, as you can all that's man;  
I never will hereafter think it strange  
To see thee please thy Appetite with change:  
No! love me just as I love thee,  
That's till a fairer I can see.

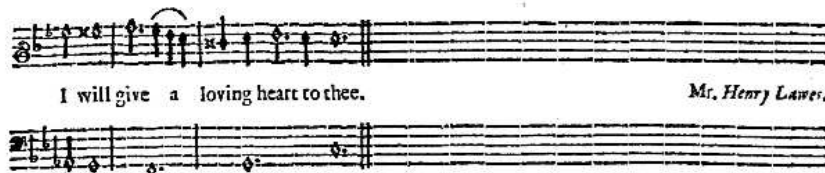
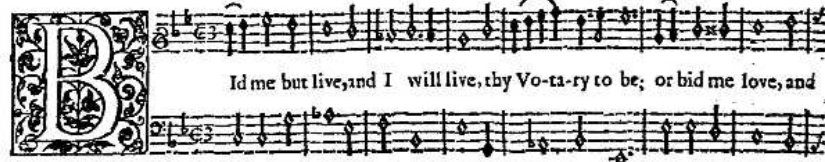
## III.

I hate this constant doting on a Face,  
Content ne're dwelt a Week in any place;  
Why then should you and I love one another  
Longer then we can be content together?  
Love mee then just as I love thee,  
That's till a fairer I can see,

*Discontent.*

*Dr. John Wilson.*

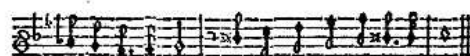
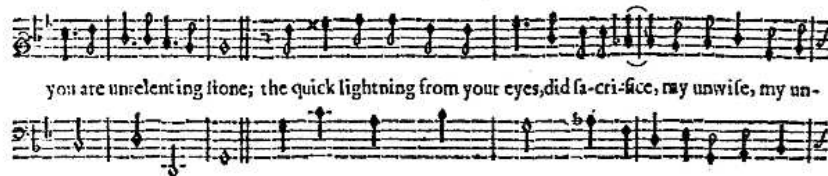
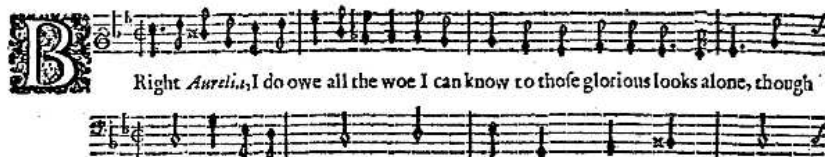


*Love's Votary.*

A heart as soft, a heart as kind, a heart as foundly free  
As in the world thou canst not find, that heart I'll give to thee.  
Bid that heart stay, and it shall stay, and honour thy decree,  
Or bid it languish quite away and it shall do't for thee.

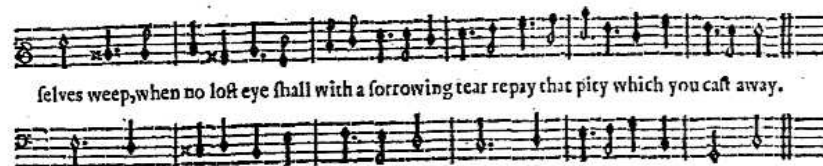
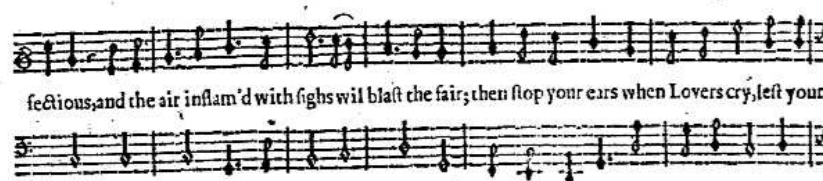
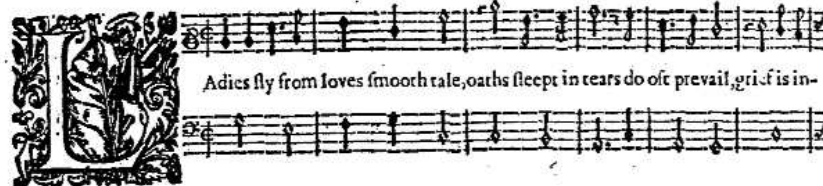
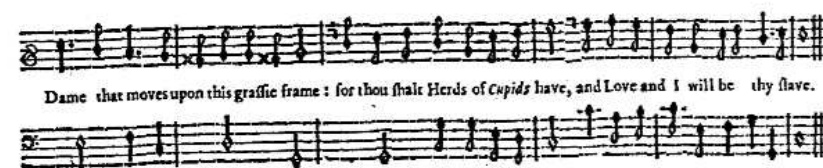
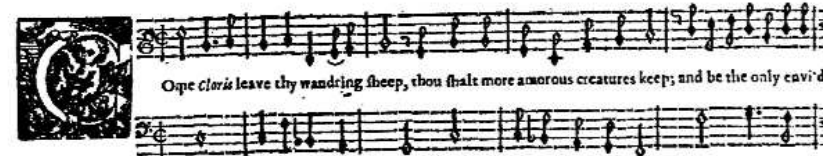
Bid me to weep, and I will weep, while I have eyes to see,  
Or having none, yet I will keep a heart to weep for thee.

Thou art my love, my life my heart, the very eye of me,  
And hast command of every part, to live and dye for thee.

*To Aurelia.*

How unjustly you do blame  
That pure flame,  
From you came,  
Vext with what your selfe may burn,  
Your scorn to tinder did it turn.

The least sparke now Love can call  
That does fall  
On the small  
Scorcht remainder of my heart,  
Will make it burn in every part.

*Dr. Colman.**Love's Flattery.**Mr. Henry Lawes.**To Chloris.**Mr. Henry Lawes.*

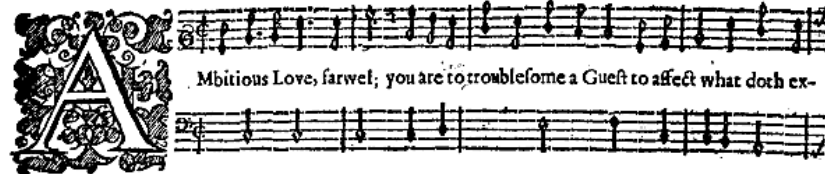
## II.

Nymphs, Satyres, and the Sylvian Fawns,  
Shall leave the Woods and narrow Lawns  
To wait on *Chloris*, and adore  
Their *Cytherea*; now no more  
The name of *Chloris* shall create  
A servitude in every state.

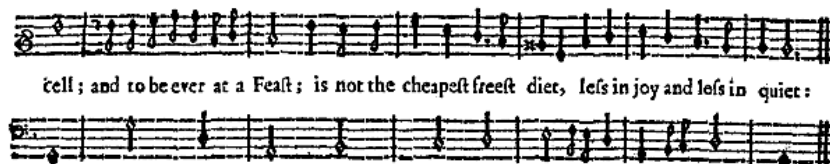
## III.

In yonder Mistle grove wee'll dwell  
With more content then tongue can tell,  
Where hungry Moles shall not asfright  
Thy tender Lambs or thee by night:  
There we the wanton thieves will play;  
And steal each others hearts away.

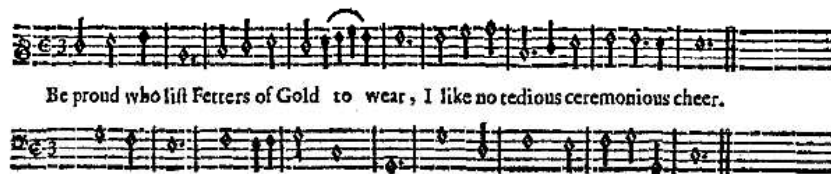
## Seem'ing Coyneſs.



Ambitious Love, farwel; you are to troubleſome a Gueſt to affect what doth ex-



cell; and to be ever at a Feaſt; is not the cheapeſt freeſt diet, leſs in joy and leſs in quiet:



Be proud who liſt Fetters of Gold to wear, I like no tedious ceremonious cheer.

## II.

I'll take ſuch as I find,  
So it be good, and handſome drett,  
Pretty, looking freely, kinde,  
To a good appetite is beſt.  
If your Uſage do not pleaſe you,  
Change is near you Change will eaſe you:  
Tempeſt and Feaſts the wiſeſt diſaffect,  
Let it ſuffice you find no diſreſpect.

Dr. Charls Colman.

## III.

Seek not the higheſt place,  
The loweſt commonly is moſt free  
Leſs ſubject to diſgrace,  
Others eyes, or your jealousies.  
Bold Freedome will improve your taſte,  
When awe imbitters a repaſt:  
A doating fancy is a fooliſh Gueſt,  
The freeſt welcome makes the ſweeteſt Feaſt.

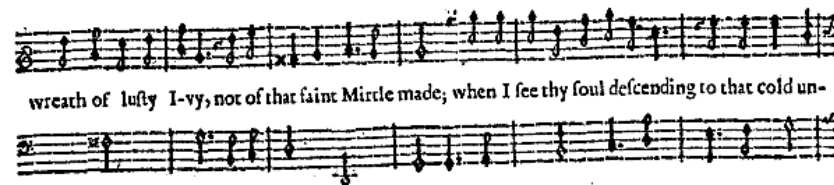
## IV.

It is not Natures way,  
She made Love no ſuch buſie thing,  
She meant it a ſhort lay,  
A Common-Weal without a King.  
Her love on ev'ry edge doth grow,  
Her Fruits are beſt in Taſte and Shew;  
Her Sweets extend unto the meaneſt Clown,  
Often moſt fair, though in a Ruſſer Gown.

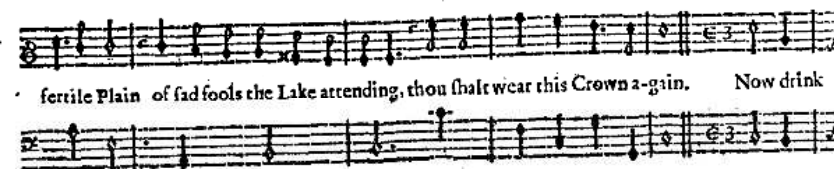
## Loves Bachinall.



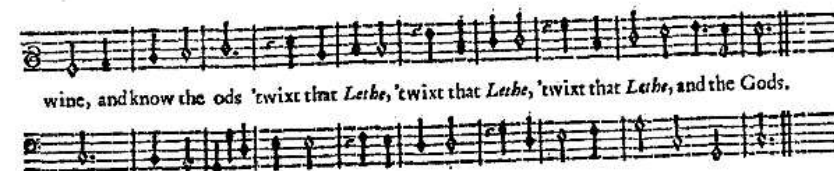
Ay that ſilken Garland by thee, keep it for th' Eliziſium ſhades; take my



wreath of luſty I-vy, nor of that ſaint Mirtle made; when I ſee thy ſoul deſcending to that cold un-



fertile Plain of ſad fools the Lake attending, thou ſhalt wear this Crown a-gain. Now drink



wine, and know the odds 'twixt that *Lethe*, 'twixt that *Lethe*, 'twixt that *Lethe*, and the Gods.

Rouſe thy dull and drowſie ſpirits,  
Here's the ſoul reviving ſtreams,  
The ſtupid Lovers brain inherits  
Nought but vain and empty dreams.

Fy then on that cloudy fore-head,  
Ope thou vainly croſſed armes;  
Thou mayſt as well call back the buried  
As raiſe Love by ſuch like charmes.

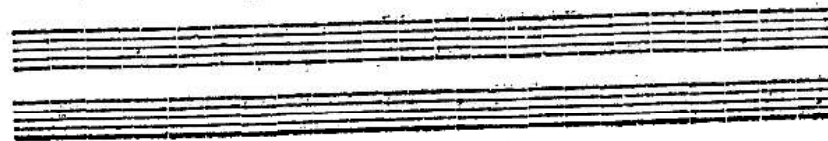
Think not thou theſe diſmal trances,  
Which our raptures can content,  
The Lad that laughs, ſings and dances,  
Shall come ſooner to his end,

Sacrifice a glaſſe of Clarret  
To each letter of her name;  
Gods have oft deſcended for it,  
Mortals muſt do more the ſame.

Cho.

Sadneſſe may ſome pity move,  
Mirth and courage, mirth and courage,  
Mirth and conrage conquers love.

If ſhe comes not at that flood,  
Sleep will come. Sleep will come,  
Sleep will come and that's as good.





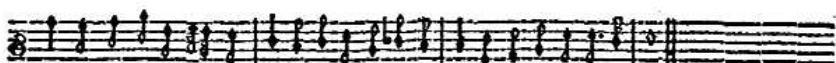
## Platonick Love.



Hange Platonicks, change for shame, get your selves a-no-ther name.



This is but a thin disguise, and betray'd to common eyes: Dim and purblind though they



bee, your Philo-so-phy they see is but Lay Hypocrisie, and a kind of He-re-sie.



## II.

Dr. Colman.

Plato ne'r allow'd a Kiss,  
Nor the like fantastick blifs,  
All the day sit and Ca Goll  
With Sir Amorous La Fool;  
Ne'r dreamt of that delight  
Which a Ball presents at night,  
To apt you to what follows next,  
Only you corrupt the Text.

## III.

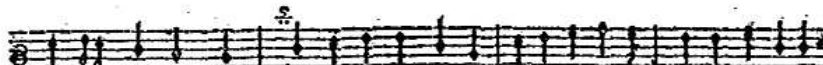
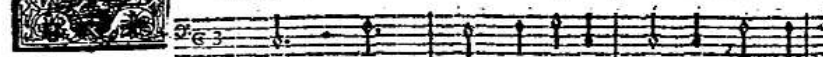
Yet must Plato justice  
All your wanton vanitie,  
When indeed the truth to say,  
'Tis Opinion that doth sway.  
Is a meer Court-Frippery,  
You act but yet most formerly  
What your Sex was wont to do  
Many hundred years ago.



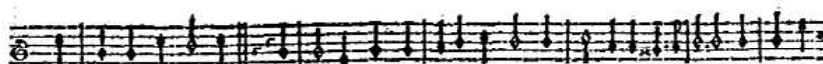
## Love Neglected.



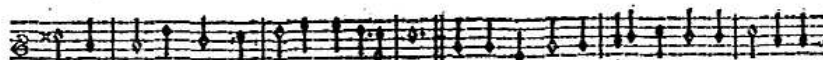
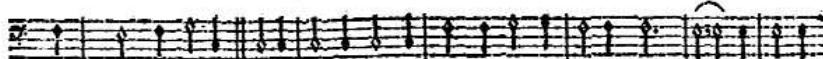
Little love serves my turn, 'tis so en-fla-ming, ra-ther then I will burn  
Beauty shall court it selfe, 'tis not worth speaking, Ile no more Amorous



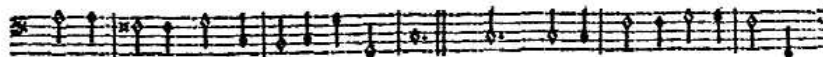
I will leave g--ming; for when I think upon't, O! 'tis so painful, 'cause Ladies have a  
pangs, no more heart-breaking: those that ne'r felt the smart, let them go try it, I have redeem'd my



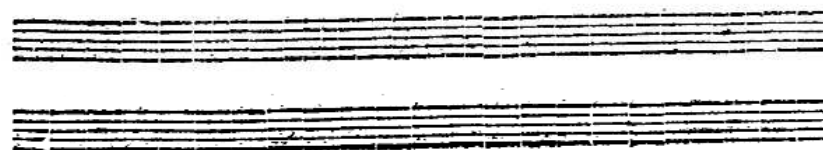
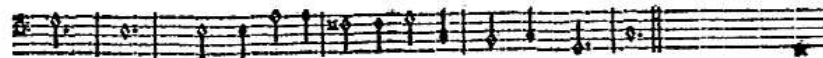
trick, to be disdainfull. No more, no more, I must give o're; for Beauty is so sweet, it makes me  
heart now I de--fie it,

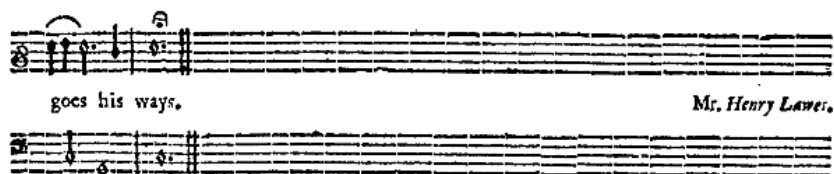
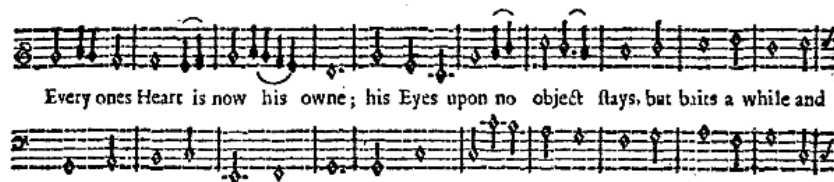
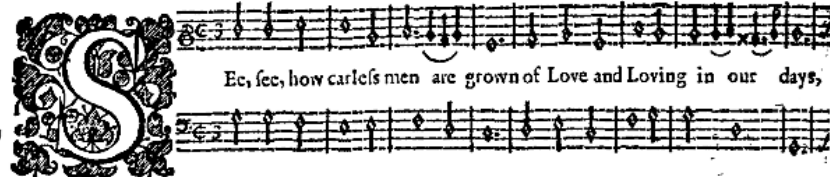


pine, distracts my mind, and surfeit when I see't. Forgive me Love, if I remove in-to some o-



-ther sphere, where I may keep a flock of sheep, and know no o-ther care. Mr. Henry Lawes.



*Lovers Wantonneffe.*

## II.

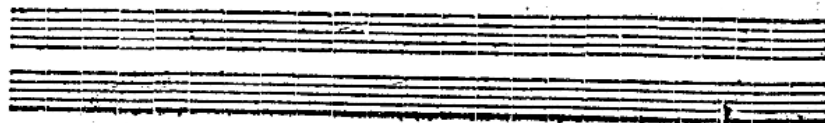
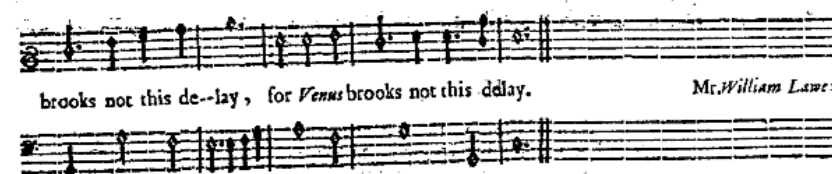
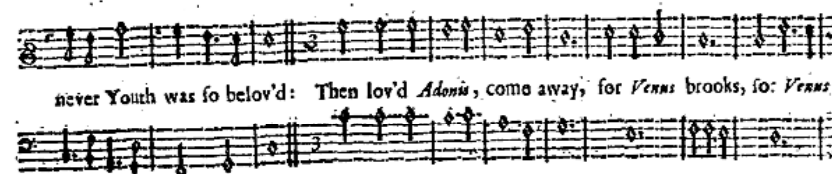
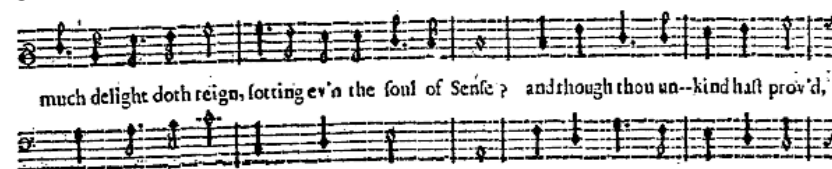
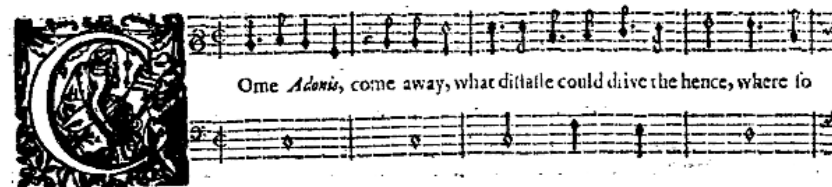
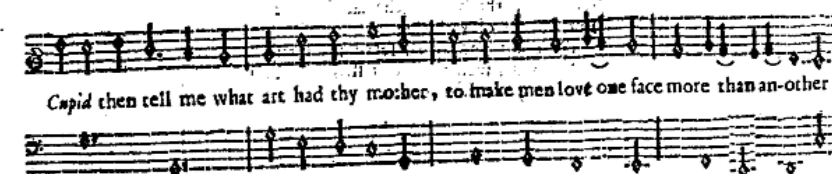
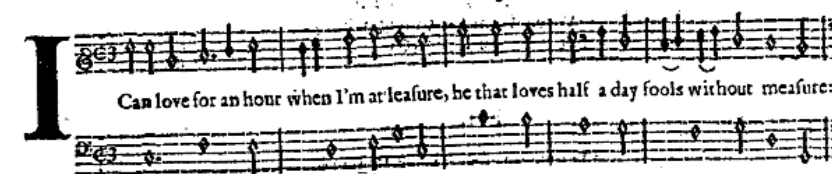
Shall Beauty that was wont to reign  
Un-rivall'd in each noble breast,  
Command by turns, or else in vain;  
And by new fashion'd minds deprest,  
Become an Inn, and love a Guest.

## III.

Sure they suppose her of Classe,  
And let her hirt on purpose fall,  
Then peice-meal would pick up this Masse,  
That for one Beauty bow to all,  
And change of Fetters, Freedome call.

## IV.

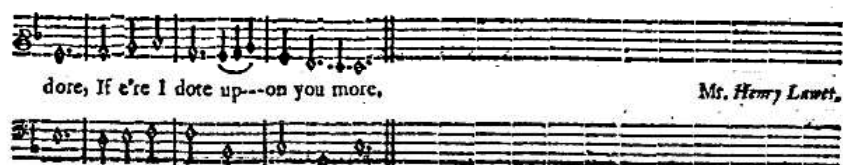
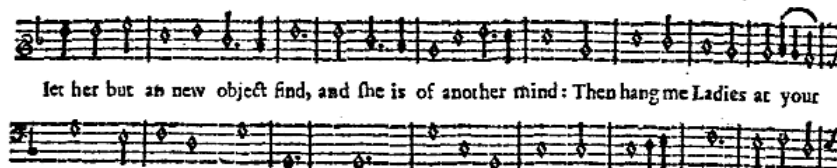
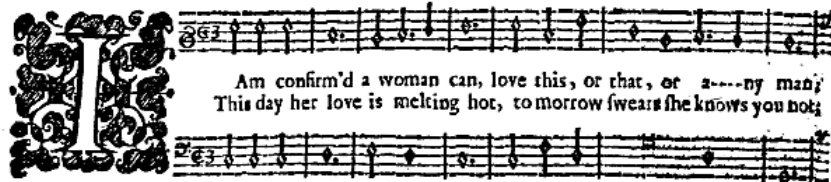
Though lowly minded, I will stand  
With such for place, and at no rate  
Give Rebell Lovers th'upper hand,  
That every day new Lords create;  
I serve a Monarch, they a State.

*Venus to her Adonis.**Loves Flattery.*

Some to be thought more wise daily endeavour  
To make the World believe they can live for ever:  
Ladies believe them not, they'l but deceive you,  
For when they have their ends then they will leave you.

Men cannot eyre themselves on your sweet features,  
They'l have variety of loving Creatures.  
Too much of any thing sets them a cooling,  
Though they can never dot, yet they'l be fooling.

Mr. William Lawe.

*Inconstancie in Women.*

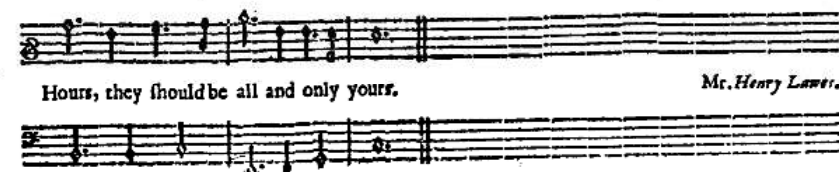
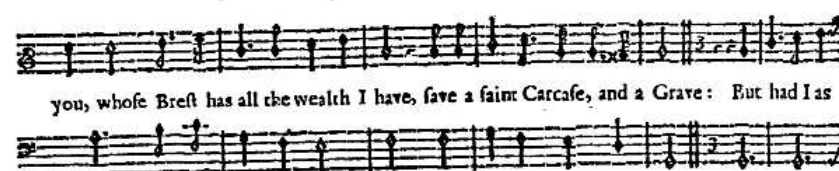
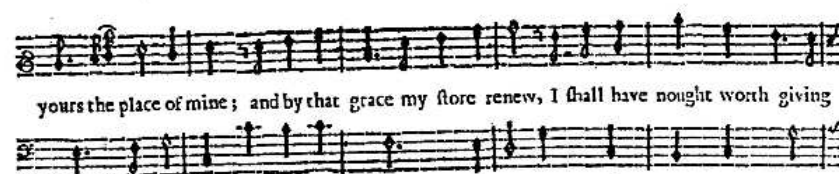
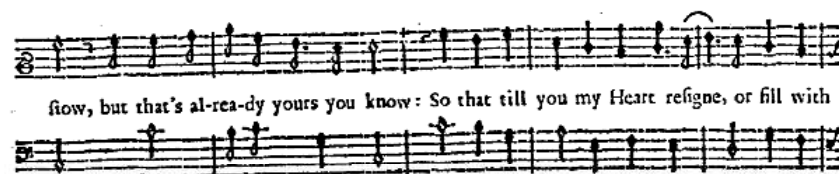
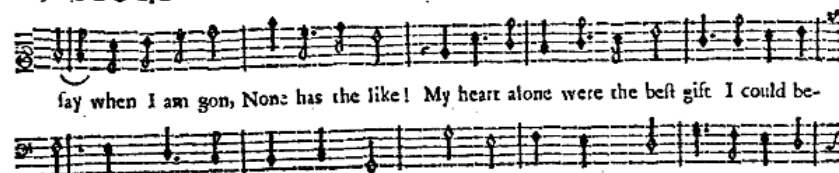
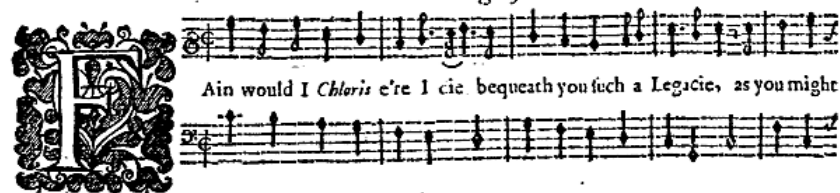
Mr. Henry Lawes.

## II.

Yet still I'll love the fair one, why?  
For nothing but to please mine eye;  
And so the fat and soft skinn'd Dame  
I'll flatter, to appease my flame;  
For her that's Musick I long,  
When I am sad to sing a Song:  
But hang me Ladies, &c.

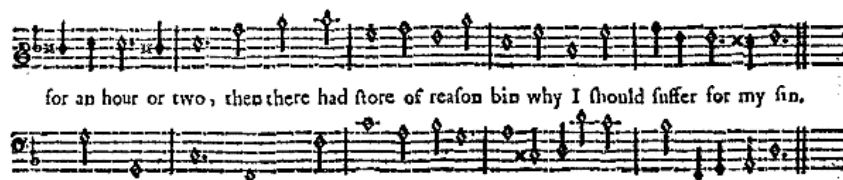
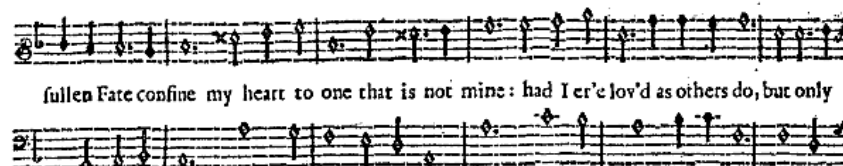
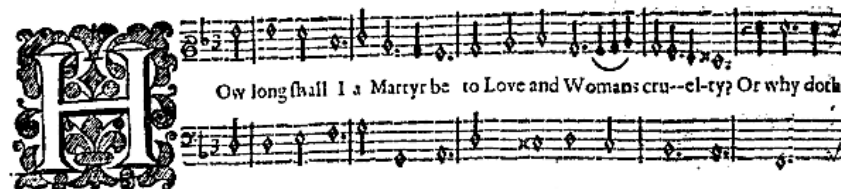
## III.

I'll give my fancy leave to range  
Through every face to find out change:  
The black, the brown, the fair shall be  
But objects of variety:  
I'll court you all to serve my turn,  
But with such flames as shall not burn:  
For hang me Ladies, &c.

*A Lovers Legacy.*

Mr. Henry Lawes.

## Loves Martyr.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

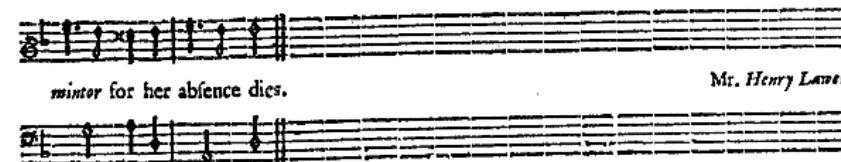
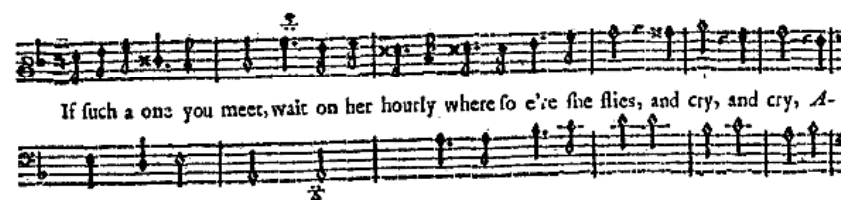
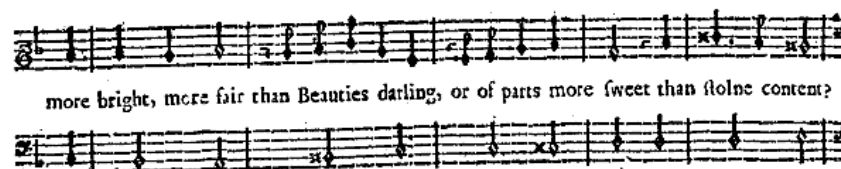
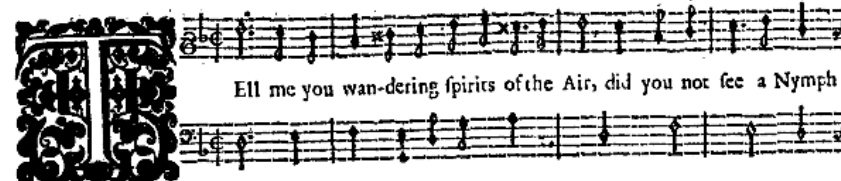
## II.

But Love, thou knowest with what a flame  
I have ador'd my Mistress name:  
How I ne'r offered other fires  
But such as rose from chaste desires:  
Nor have I ere profaned thy shrine  
With an inconstant fickle minde;  
Yet thou combining with my Fate,  
Hath forc'd my love and her to hate.

## III.

O Love! if her supremacie  
Have not a greater power then thee,  
For pity sake then once be kind,  
And throw a dart to change her mind:  
Thy deity we shall suspect,  
If our reward must be neglect.  
Then make her love, or let me be  
Inspir'd with scorn as well as she.

## Amintor for his Chloris absence.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

## II.

Go search the Vallies, pluck up every Rose,  
You'll find a sent, a blush of her in those:  
Fish, fish for Pearle, or Corall, there you'll see  
How orientall all her colours bee.  
Go call the Ecchoes to your aide, and cry,  
Chloris, Chloris, for that's her name for whom I dy.

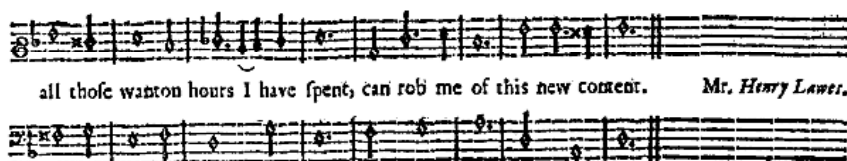
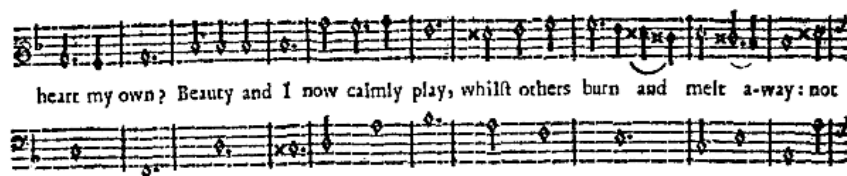
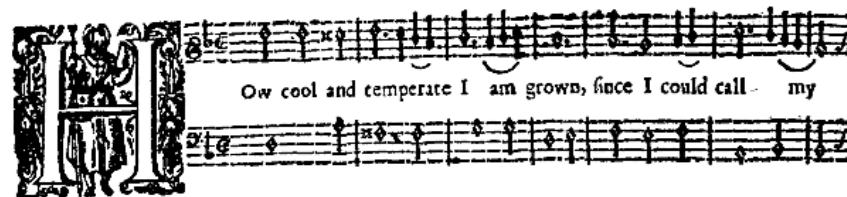
## III.

But stay a while, I have inform'd you ill,  
Were shee on earth she had been with me still:  
Go fly to Heaven, examine every Sphere,  
And try what Star hath lately lighted there;  
If any brighter than the Sun you see,  
Fall down, fall down, and worship it, for that is shee.



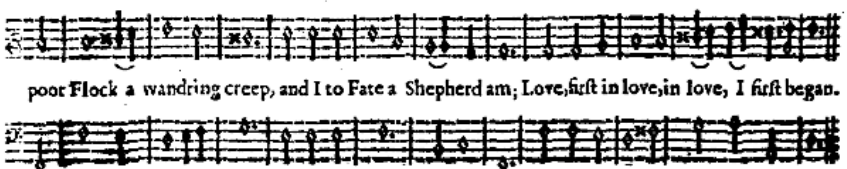
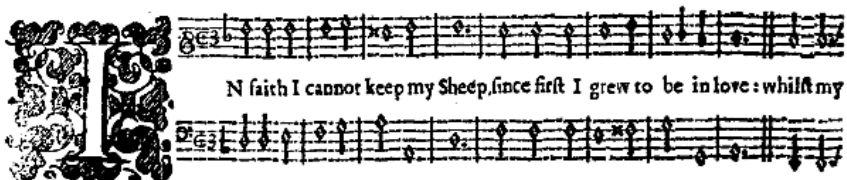
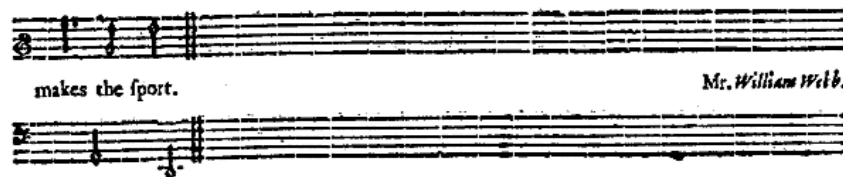
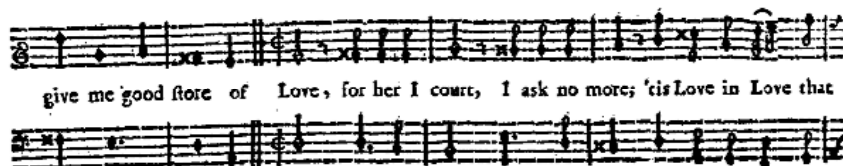
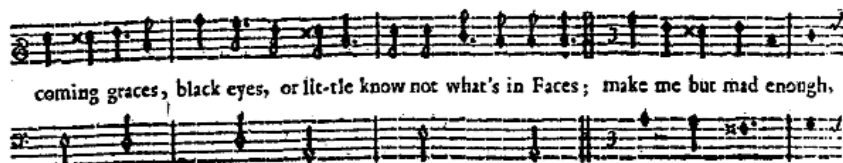
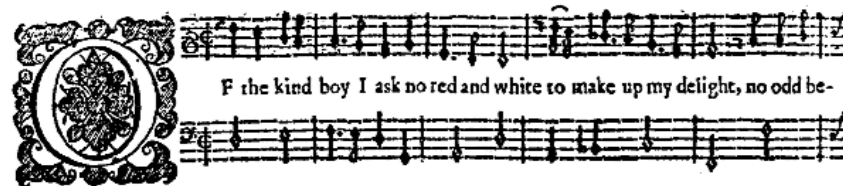
M



*Love in a Calme.*

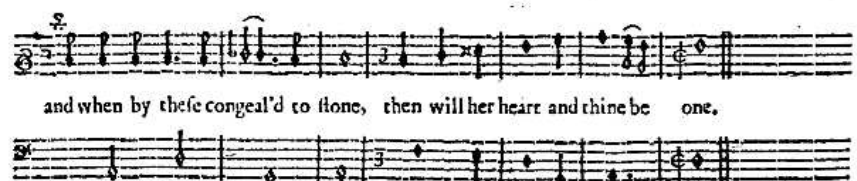
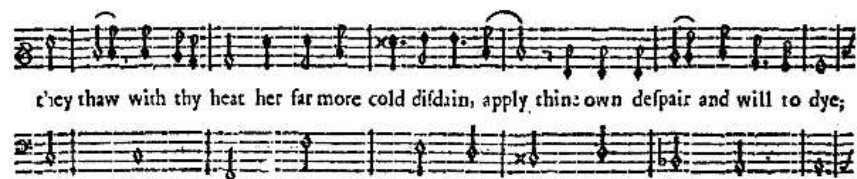
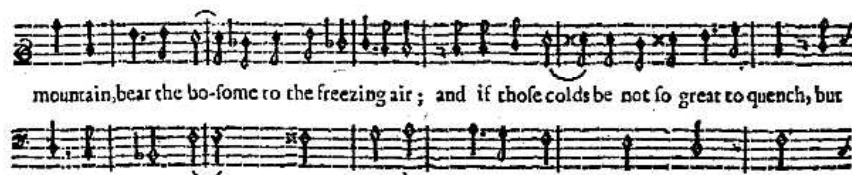
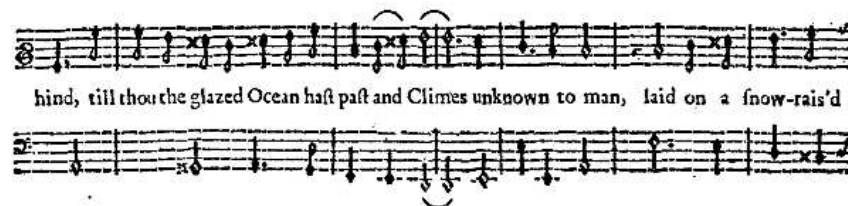
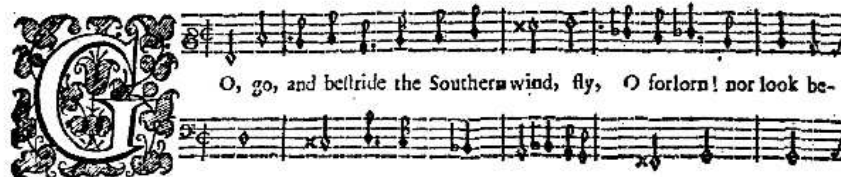
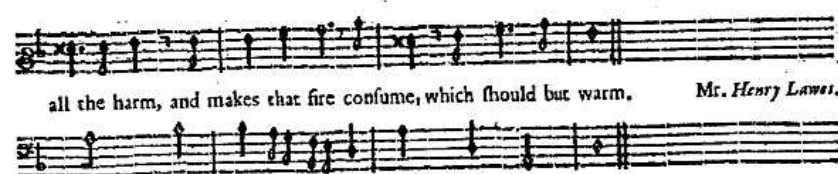
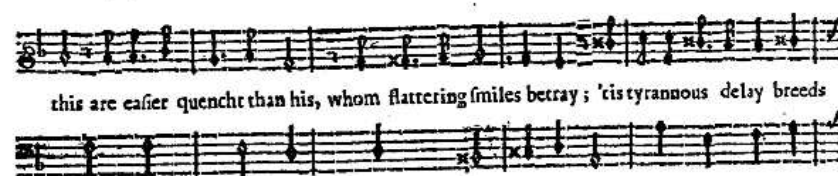
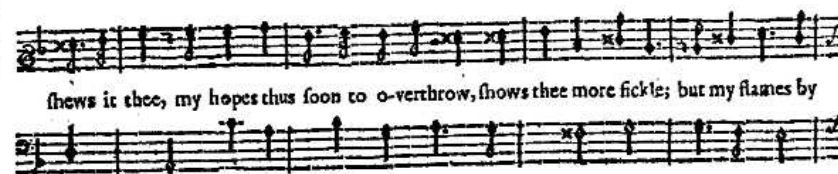
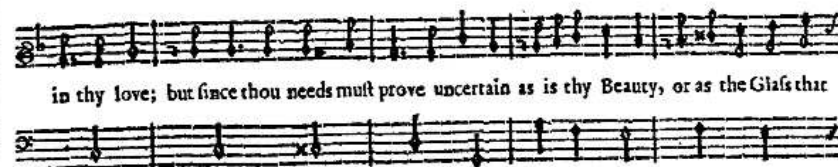
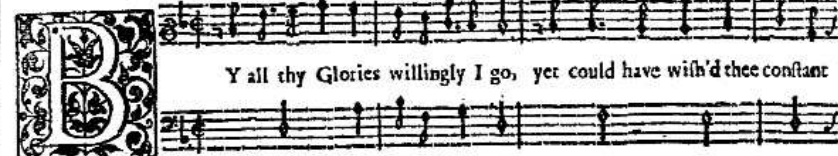
II.  
Loves mists are scattered from my sight,  
Which flattered me with new delight,  
And now I see 'tis but a face  
That stole my heart out of its place:  
Then Love forgive me, I'll no more  
Thine Altars or thy Shrine adore.

III.  
Farewell to all heart-breaking eyes,  
Farewell each look that can surprize,  
Farewell those curls and amorous spels,  
Farewell each place where Cupid dwells;  
And farewell each bewitching smile,  
I must enjoy my selfe a while.

*Loves Shepherdesse.**Love without Additionals.*

II.  
There's no such thing as that, we Beauty call,  
It is meer couzenage all;  
For though some long ago  
Lik't certain colours mingled so and so,  
That doth not tie me now from chusing new,  
If I a fancy take  
Too black and blew,  
That fancy doth it Beauty make.

II.  
'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite  
Makes eating a delight;  
And if I like one dish  
More than another, that a Pheasant is:  
What in our Marches, may in us be found,  
So to the height, and nick  
We up be bound,  
No matter by what hand or trick.

*A Frozen Heart made warm by Love.**False Love reproved.*

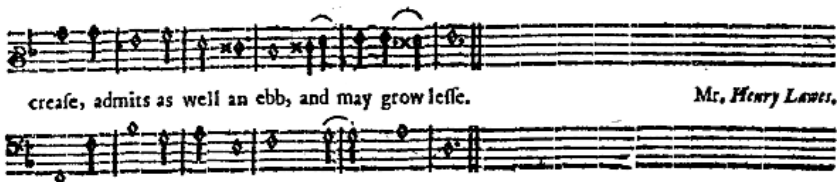
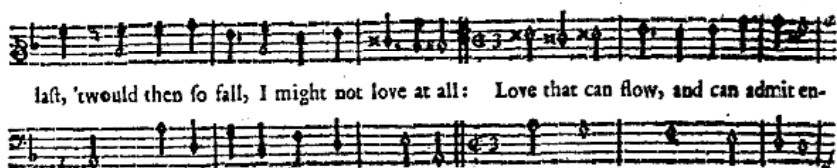
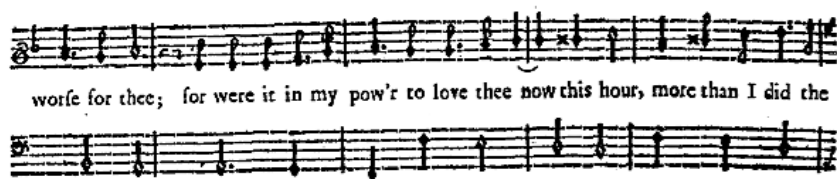
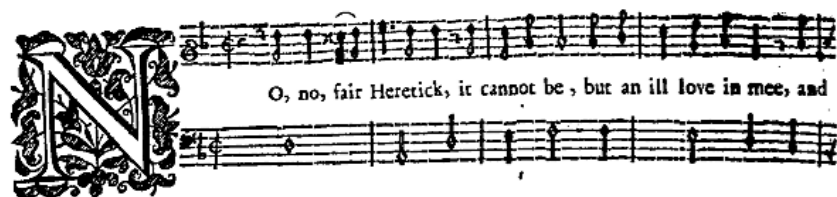
Mr. Henry Lawes.

## II.

Till time destroy those blossomes of thy youth,  
 Thou art our Idol-worship, at that rate,  
 But who can tell thy fate?  
 And say that when this Beauties done,  
 This Lovers Torch shall still burn on;  
 I could have serv'd thee with such truth  
 Devoutest Pilgrims to their Saints do show,  
 Departed long ago;  
 And at this ebbing tyde,  
 Have us'd thee as a Bride  
 Who's only true  
 Whilst you are fair, he loves himself, not you.

N

## Loves torrid Zone.

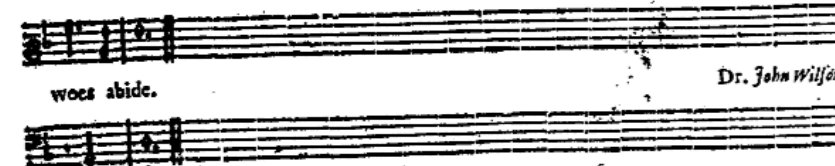
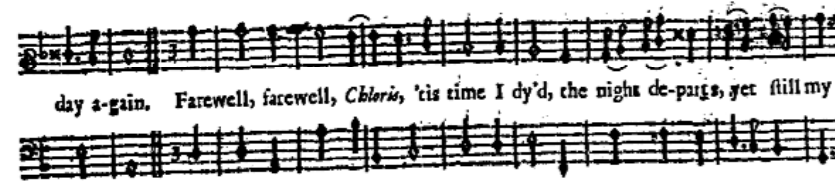
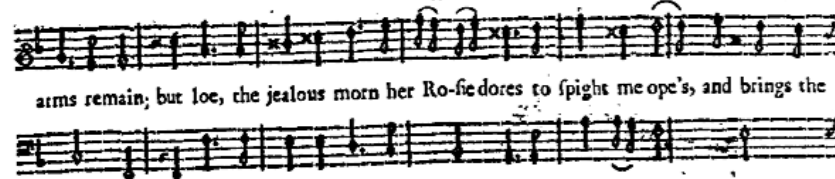
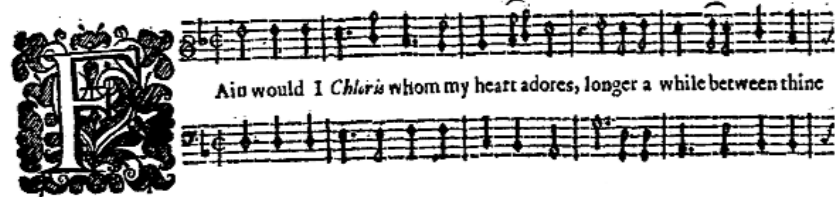


Mr. Henry Lawes,

## II.

True love is still the same  
 The Torrid Zones,  
 And those more frigid ones  
 It must not know:  
 For love grown cold, or hot  
 Is lust and friendship, not  
 The think we have, for that's a flame would dye,  
 Held down, or up too high;  
 Then think I love, more than I can expresse,  
 And would know more, could I but love thee lesse,

## To his Chloris at Parting.



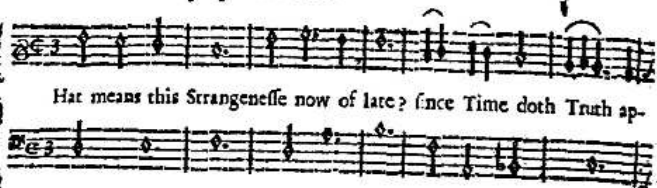
Dr. John Willén.

## II.

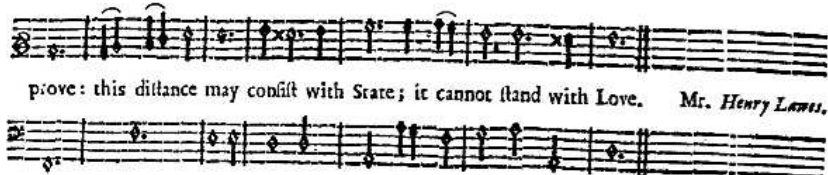
Hence saucy flaring Candle of the Skies,  
 Let us alone we, have no need of thee:  
 Our eyes are ever day, where Chloris eyes  
 Shine, that a pair of brighter Tapers bee.  
 Farewell, farewell, &c.

## III.

O night! whose sable vail was wont to be  
 More friend to Lovers, than the noisefull day:  
 Wherefore, O wherefore do'st thou fly from me,  
 And carry with thee all my joys away?  
 Farewell, farewell, &c.

*Coyne's in Love.*

What means this Strangeness now of late? Since Time doth Truth ap-



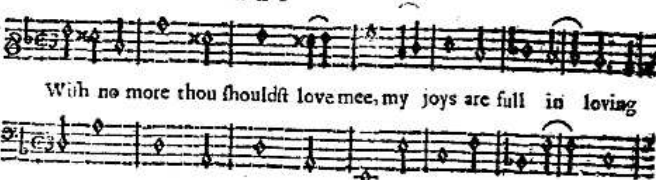
prove: this distance may consist with State; it cannot stand with Love. Mr. Henry Lawes.

'Tis either cunning or distrust,  
That do such ways allow:  
The first is base, the last unjust;  
Let neither blemish you.

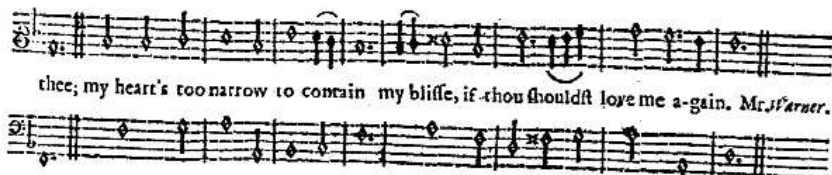
If you intend to draw me on,  
You over act your part:  
And if it be to have me gon,  
You need not halfe this Art.

Speak but a word, or do but cast  
One Look that seems to frown,  
I'll give you all the love that's past,  
The rest shall be mine own.

And such a faire and equall way  
On both sides none can blame,  
Since every man is bound to play  
The fairest of his Game,

*Love possesst.*

With no more thou shouldst love mee, my joys are full in loving

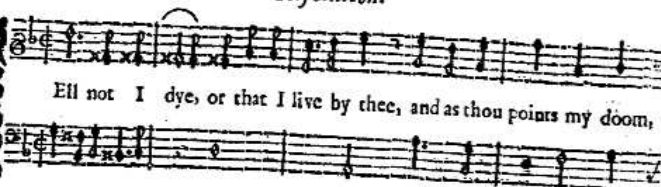
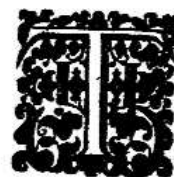


thee; my heart's too narrow to contain my blisse, if thou shouldst love me a-gain. Mr. J. Arner.

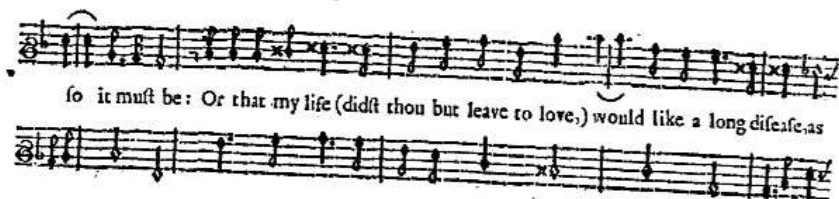
Thy scorn may wound me, but my fate  
Leads me to love, and thee to hate;  
Yer I must love while I have breath,  
For not to love were worse than death.

Then shall I sue for scorn or grace,  
A lingring life, or death embrace;  
Since one of these I needs must try,  
Love me but once and let me dy.

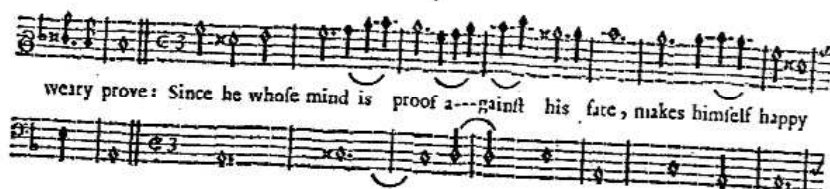
Such mercy more thy fame shall raise,  
Than cruell life can yield thee praise;  
It shall be counted who so dies,  
No murder, but a sacrifice,

*A Lovers Resolution.*

Ill not I dye, or that I live by thee, and as thou points my doom,



so it must be: Or that my life (didst thou but leave to love,) would like a long disease, as



weary prove: Since he whose mind is proof a-ainst his fate, makes himself happy



at the worst estate.

Mr. Tho. Brewer.

## II.

'Tis vanity for a man to build his blisse  
On the frail favour of a womans kisse;  
And most unmanly to enthrall his eye,  
When Heaven and Nature gives it liberty:  
Since Womens fancies with their fashions change,  
To love for fashion to each face that's strange.

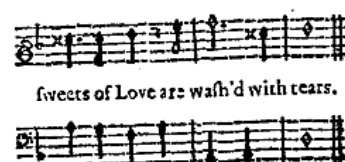
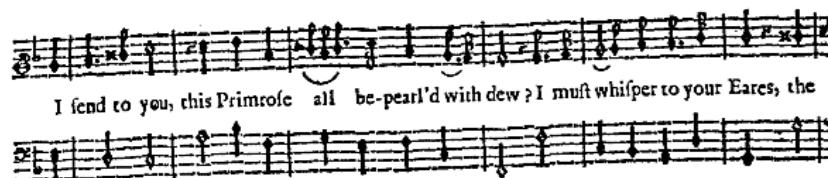
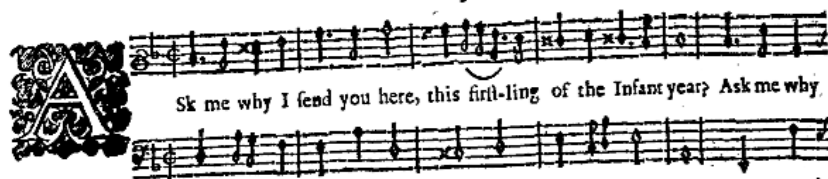
## III.

I know the humour of your Sex is such  
You ze'r could value any one thing much;  
For should thy breast with constant flames be fir'd,  
'Twere more then I expected, although desir'd:  
Then think me not so fond, although I love,  
But as thou fear'st thy course, so mine shall move.

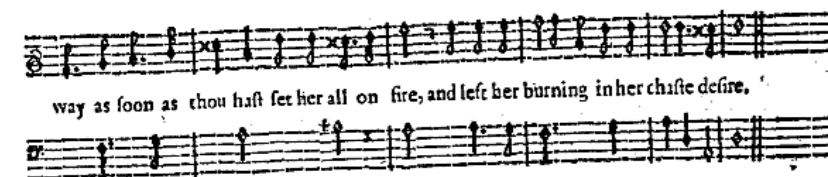
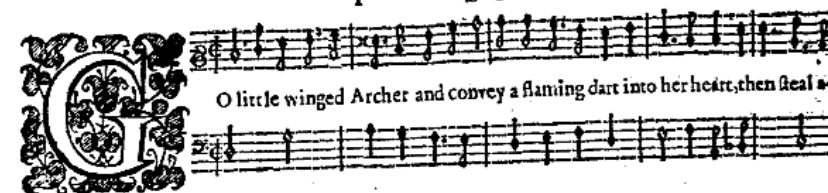
## IV.

He that hath wealth, and can that wealth for-gee,  
Is his own man, not slave to any woe;  
Thus arm'd with resolution, I am free,  
Still o'recommen of my destinie:  
Yer know I love, thou I can leave the state,  
He best knows how to love, knows how to hate,



*The Primrose.*

Ask me why this Rose doth show  
All yellow, green, and sickly too?  
Ask me why the stalk is weak,  
And yeelding each way, yet not break?  
I must tell you, these discover  
What doubts and fears are in a Lover.

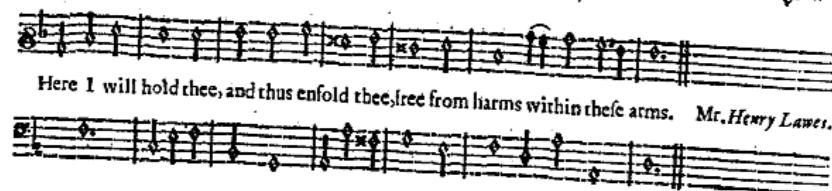
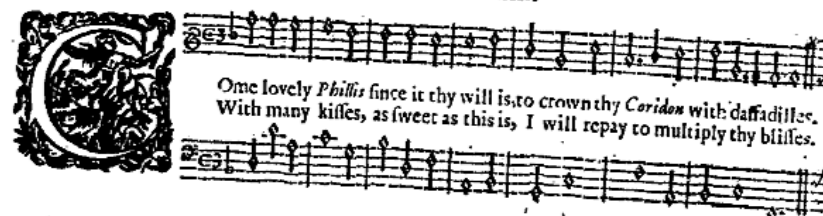
*Cupid's Embassage.*

II.

Thus teach her what it is to love, that she  
When that her eyes  
Do tyrannize  
May pity me;  
And know the flame that hath ray heart possesst  
By the dis temper of her scorched breast.

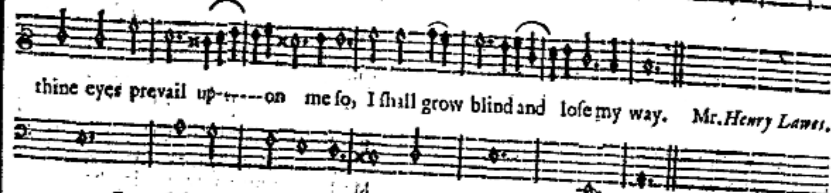
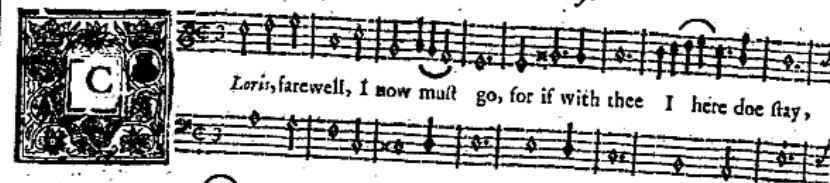
III.

And when she burns if she appease my flame  
With smiles which fly,  
Oft as her eye,  
I'll do the same;  
So may we love, and burn, but ne'r expire,  
While we add fuel to each others fire.

*Coridon to his Phillis.*

Sweet, still be smiling, 'tis sweet beguiling  
Of tedious hours and sorrows best exiling;  
For if you lowre, the banks no power  
Will have to bring forth any pleasant flower;  
Your eyes not granting  
Their raies enchanting,  
Mine may raine, but 'twere in vain.

Thine eyes may wonder that mine asunder  
Do from the Sun-shine draw thine to sit under;  
Hold me unblam'd, to be enflam'd,  
Where not to be so, youth were rather sham'd:  
Since that the oldest  
That thou beholdest  
May feeble fire of loves desire.

*On Chloris attractive Beauty.*

Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth  
Amongst the rest me hither brought;  
Finding this fame fall short of truth,  
Made me stay longer than I thought.

For I'm engag'd by word and oath  
A servant to anothers will;  
Yet for thy love would forfeit both,  
Could I be sure to keep it still.

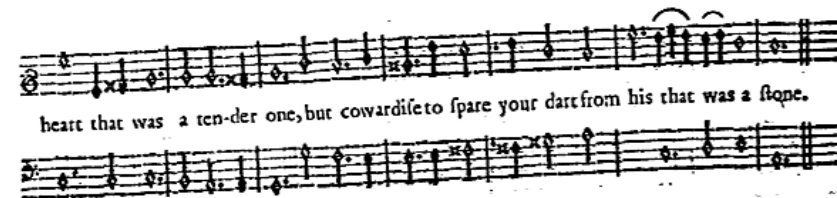
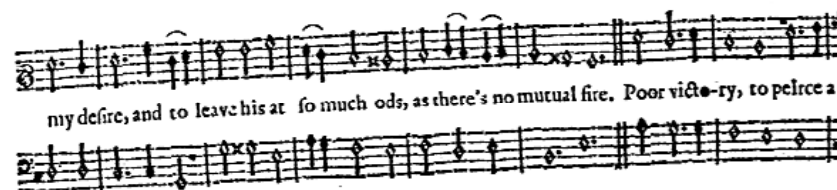
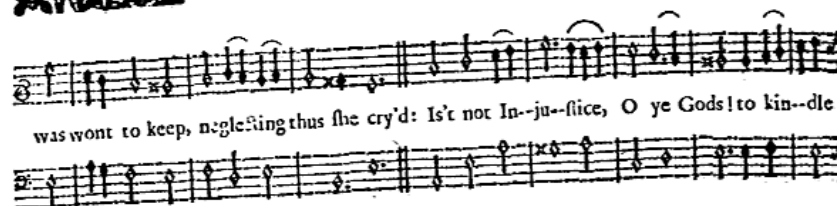
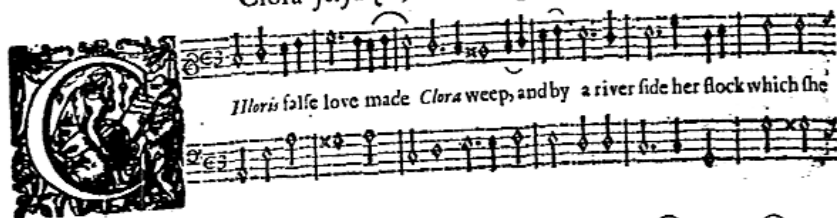
But what assurance can I take,  
When thou fore-knowing this abuse,  
For some more worthy Lovers sake,  
May'st leave me with so just excuse.

For thou may'st say 'twas not thy fault  
That thou did'st thus unconstant prove;  
Thou wert by my example taught  
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

No *Chloris*, no, I will return,  
And raise thy story to that height,  
That Strangers shall at distance burn,  
And the distrust me Reprobate.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,  
And gain such trust, that I may come  
And banquet sometimes on thy face,  
But make my constant men's at home.

Clora forsaken, thus complains.



Dr. John Wilson.

As she thus mourn'd, the tears that fell  
Down from her love-lick eyes,  
Did in the water drop and swell,  
And into bubbles rise.

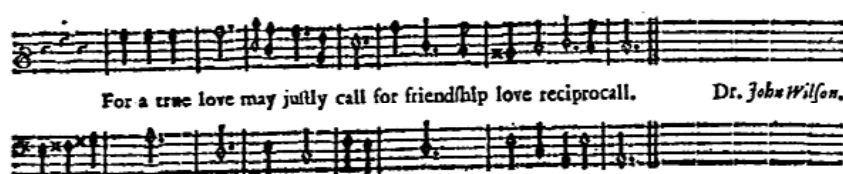
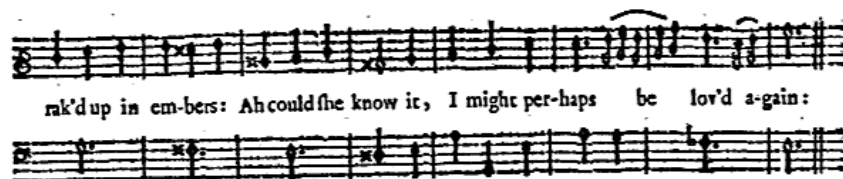
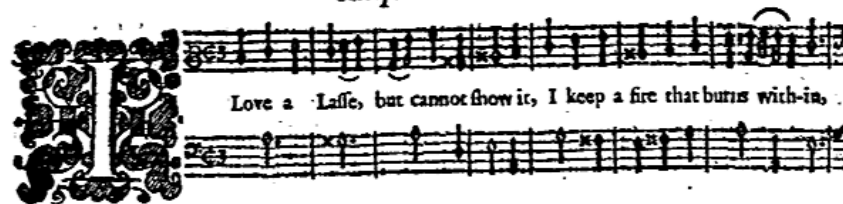
Wherein her bloubard face appears,  
Now out alas, said she,  
How do I melt away in tears  
For him that loves not me.

And thus in little drawn and drest  
In sad tears attire,  
May force such passions from his breast,  
Shall equal my desire.

Yet as I lessen multiply,  
But in lesse form appears,  
Thus do I languish from mine eye,  
And grow new in my tears.

Break not that Christall, circles me  
Sweet streams by your fair side,  
My love perhaps may walking be,  
And I may be epi'd.

Reciprocal Love.



Dr. John Wilson.

## II.

Some gentle courteous winde betray me,  
A sigh by whispering in her ear,  
Or let some pitions shower convey me,  
By dropping on her breast a tear.  
Or two, or more; the hardest flint,  
By often drops receives a dint.

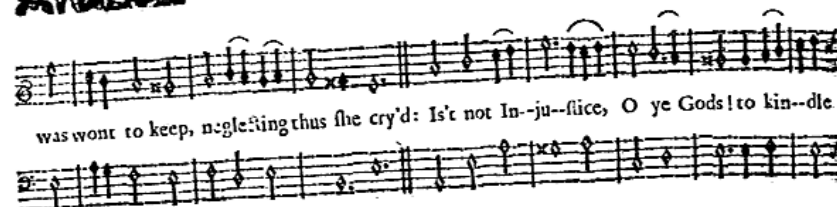
## III.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,  
That is already too too weak;  
No, no, they say, Lovers may send it,  
By writing what they cannot speak:  
Go then my Muse, and let this verse  
Bring back my Life, or else my Hearse.

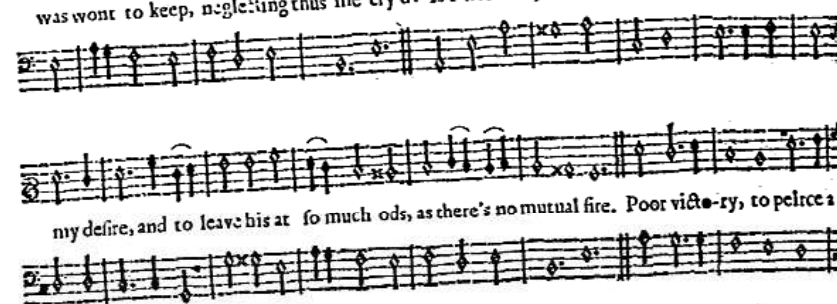
Clara forsaken, thus complains.



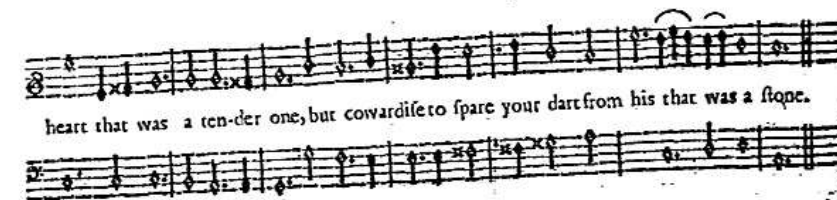
Illor's false love made Clara weep, and by a river side her flock which she



was wont to keep, neglecting thus she cry'd: Is't not In-ju--stice, O ye Gods! to kin--dle



my desire, and to leave his at so much odds, as there's no mutual fire. Poor vic-ti-ry, to pelce a



heart that was a ten-der one, but cowardise to spare your dart from his that was a stone.

Dr. John Wilson.

As she thus mourn'd, the tears that fell  
Down from her love-lick eyes,  
Did in the water drop and swell,  
And into bubbles rise.

Wherein her blouard face appears,  
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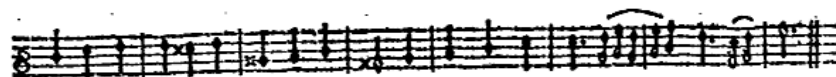
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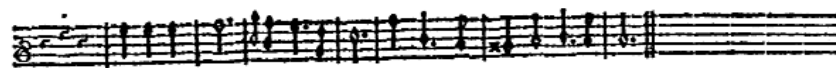
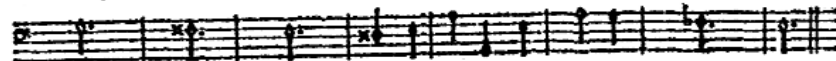
Reciprocal Love.



Love a Lasse, but cannot show it, I keep a fire that burns with-in,



rak'd up in em-bers: Ah could she know it, I might per-haps be lov'd a-gain:



For a true love may justly call for friendship love recipocall.

Dr. John Wilson.



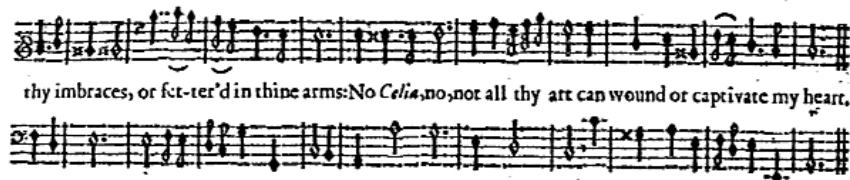
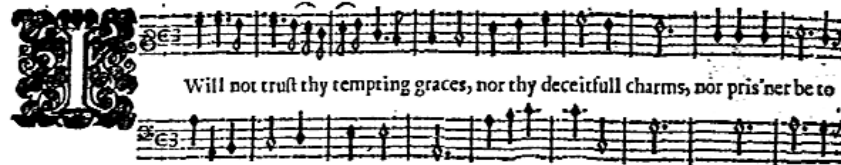
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Or let some pitious shower convey me,  
By dropping on her breast a tear,  
Or two, or more; the hardest flint,  
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Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,  
That is already too too weak;  
No, no, they say, Lovers may send it,  
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Go then my Muse, and let this verse  
Bring back my Life, or else my Hearse.

## On Loves deceitful Charmes.



II.

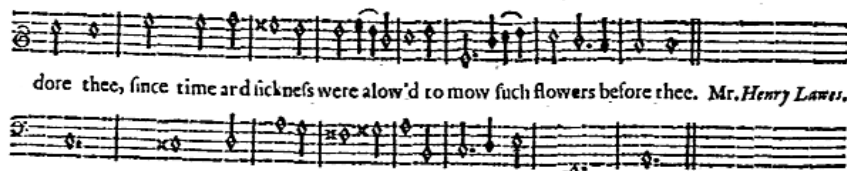
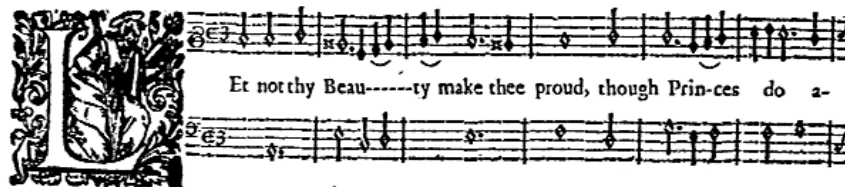
I will not gaze upon thine eyes,  
Nor wanton with thy haire,  
Lest those should burn me by surprize,  
Or these my soul inflame:  
Nor with those smiling dangers play,  
Or fool my liberty away.

III.

Mr. Jeremy Savill.

Since then my weary heart is free,  
And unconfin'd as thine;  
If thou would'st mine should captive be,  
Thou must thine own resign:  
And Gratitude shall thus move more  
Than Love or Beauty could before.

## Beauty a fading Ornament.



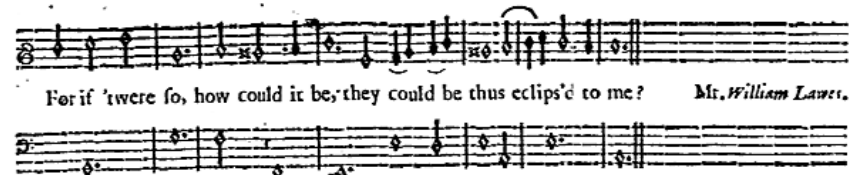
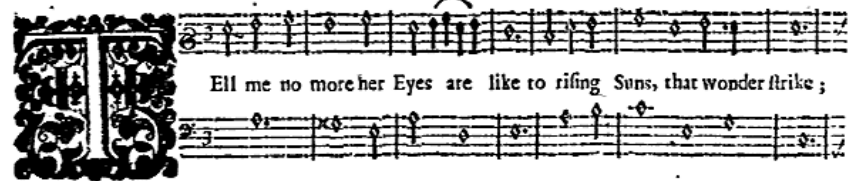
II.

Nor be not shy to that degree  
Thy friends may hardly know thee,  
Nor yet so coming, or so free,  
That every fly may blow thee;  
A state in every Princely brow,  
As decent is requir'd,  
Much more in thine, to whom they bow  
By Beauties lightnings fir'd.

III.

And yet a state so sweetly mixt  
With an attractive mildness;  
It may like *Venus* sit betwixt  
The extremes of pride and vileness.  
Then every eye that sees thy face  
Will in thy Beauty glory,  
And every tongue that wags will grace  
Thy virtue with a story.

## Beauty in Eclipse.



Tell me no more her Breasts do grow  
Like rising Hills of melting Snow;  
For if 'twere so, how could they lye  
So near the Sun-shine of her eye?

Tell me no more the restless Sphaeres  
Compar'd to her voyce, fright our ears;  
For if 'twere so, how then could death  
Dwell with such discord in her breath?

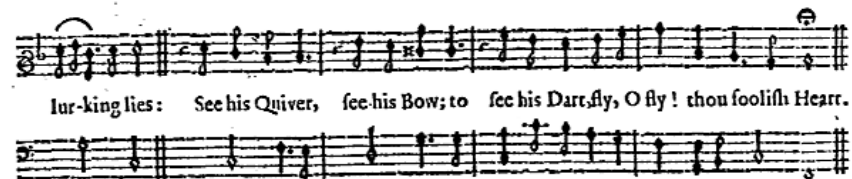
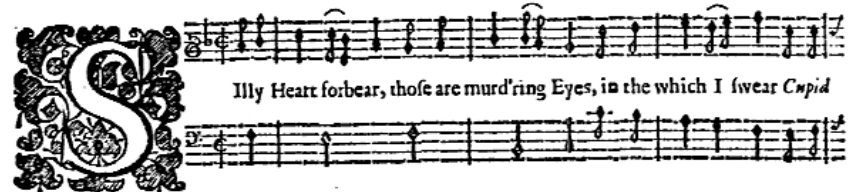
No, say her Eyes Portenders are  
Of ruine, or some blazing starre,  
Else would I feel from that fair fire  
Some heat to cherish my desire.

Say that her Breasts, though cold as Snow,  
Are hard as Marble, when I wooe;  
Else they would soften and relent  
With sighs inflamed, from me sent.

Say that although like to the Moon,  
She heavenly fair, yet chang'd as soon;  
Else she would constant once remain  
Either to pity or disdain.

That so by one of them I might  
Be kept alive, or murder'd quite;  
For 'tis no less cruell there to kill,  
Where life doth but increase the ill.

## Cupid detected.



Greedy Eyes, take heed, they are scorching Beams  
Causing Hearts to bleed, & your Eyes spring streams:  
Love lies watching with his Bow bent, and his Dart  
For to wound both Eyes and Heart.

Think and gaze your fill, foolish Heart and Eyes,  
Since you love your ill, and your good despise:  
*Cupid* Shooting, *Cupid* Daring, and his Band  
Mortal powers cannot withstand.



*Love's Flattery.*

Hen Calia I in-tend to flatter you, and tell you lyes to make you

true, I swear there's none so fair, there's none so fair, and you beleive it too. Dr. Colman.

Oft have I matcht you with the Rose, and said  
No twins so like hath nature made,  
But 'tis  
Only in this, ✱  
You prick my hand and fade.

Oft have I said there is no pretious stone  
But may be found in yon alone;  
Though I  
No stone espy, ✱  
Unless your heart be one.

When I praise your skin I quote the wooll  
That Silk-worms from their Entrailes pull,  
And show  
That new fallen snow, ✱  
Is not more beautifull.

Yet grow not proud by such Hyperboles  
Were you as excellent as these  
Whilst I  
Before you ly, ✱  
They might be had with ease.

*Love's Theft.*

Ow am I chang'd from what I was be-fore I saw those Eyes? I had a heart, but

now alas, that room is fill'd with sighs, for she that robb'd me, would not stay to let me ask her

why she stol't or beg, she'd find some way this theft with hers t'supply.

Dr. Colman.

Thus am I left to court my grief,  
For when she's out of sight,  
There can on earth be no relief,  
Or ought that's true delight.

I'll therefore on some River side  
Wander to breath my woe,  
And ask those Nymphs how Hylas dy'd  
That I might do so too.

*Power of Love.*

Since love hath in thine and mine eye kindled a holy flame, what pi-ty

'twere to let it dye, what sin to quench the same? The stars that seem ex-tin'd by day,

disclose their flames at night, and in a fable sence convey their loves in beams of light.

Dr. John Wilson.

## II.

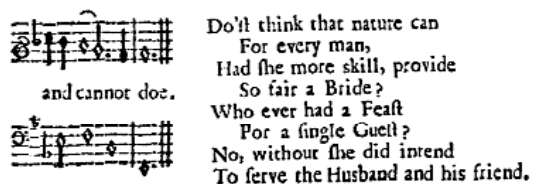
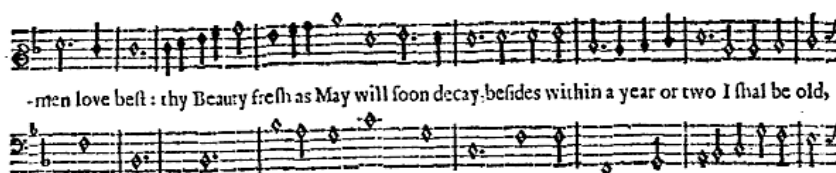
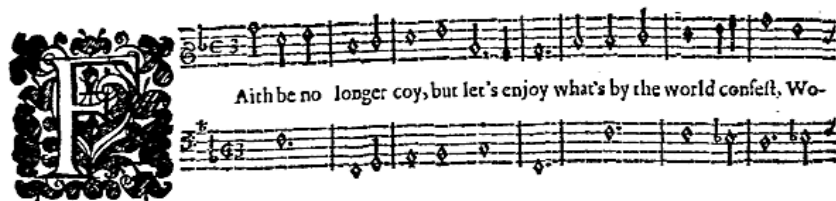
So when the jealous Eye and Ear  
Are shut or turn'd aside,  
Our Tongues, our Eyes, may talk sans fear  
Of being heard or spi'd.  
What though our Bodies cannot meet  
Loves fuels more divine;  
The fixt stars by their twinkling greet,  
And yet they never joyn.

## III.

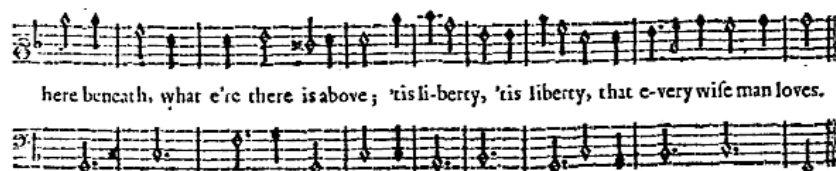
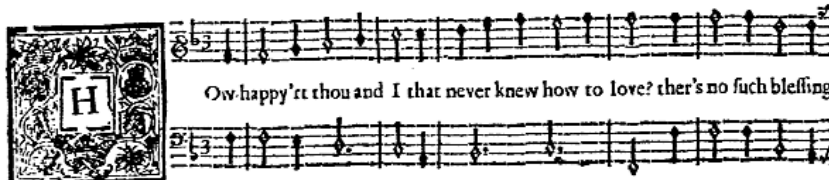
False Meteors that do change their place,  
Though they shine fair and bright;  
Yet when they covet to embrace,  
Fall down and lose their light.  
Thus while we shall preserve from waste  
The flame of our desire,  
No vestall shall maintain more chaste,  
Or more immortal fire.

## IV.

If thou perceive thy flame decay,  
Come light thine Eyes at mine;  
And when I feel mine waste away  
I'll take new fire from thine.

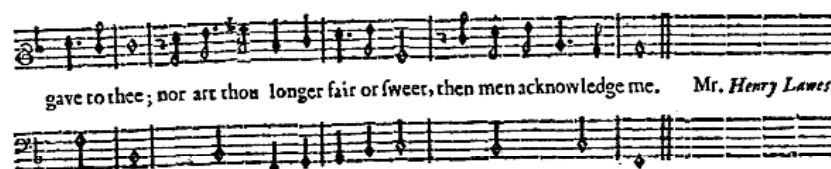
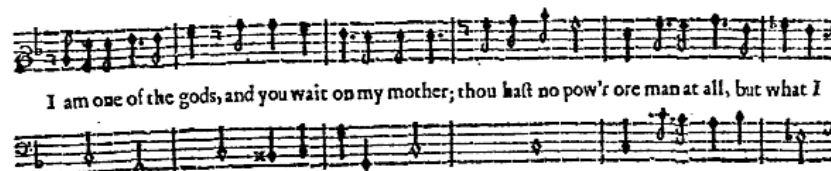
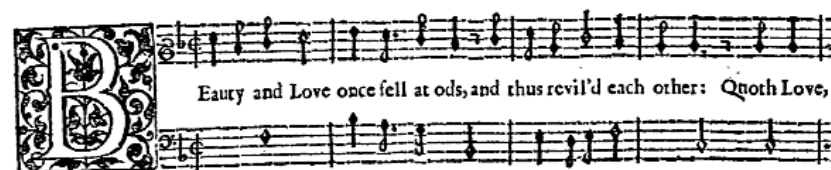
*A Motive to Love.*

To be a little nice  
Sets better price  
On Virgins, and improves  
Their Servants loves;  
But on the riper years  
It ill appears:  
After a while you'll find this true,  
I need provoking more then you.

*On Liberty.*

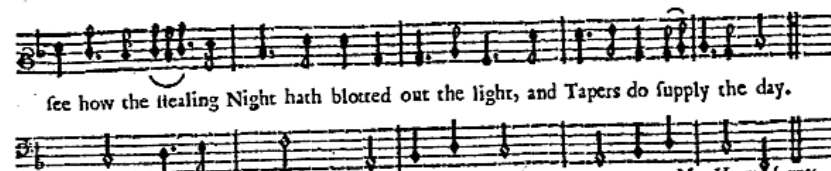
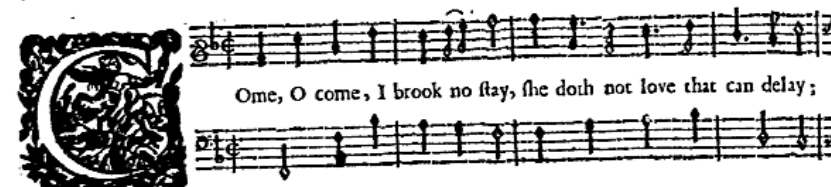
Out, out upon those Eyes, that think to murder mee,  
And he's an Ass belevies her fair, that is not kind and free:  
Ther's nothing sweet, ther's nothing sweet to man, but Liberty.

I'll tye my Heart to none, nor yet confine mine Eyes,  
But I will play my Game so well, I'll never want a prize:  
'tis liberty, 'tis liberty, has made me now thus wise.

*Beauty and Love at ods.*

Away fond Boy, then Beauty said,  
We see that thou art blindy  
But men have knowing eyes, and can  
My graces better find:  
'Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,  
And call'd thee Blind desire;  
I made thy Arrows, and thy Bow,  
And Wings to kindle fire.

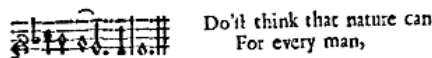
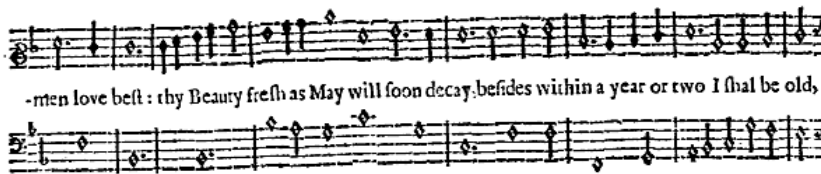
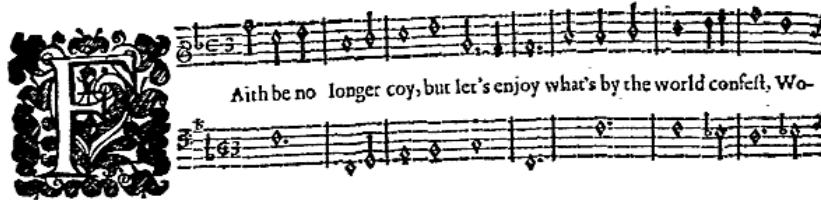
Love here in anger flew away,  
And straight to Vulcan pray'd  
That he would tip his shafts with scorn,  
To punish this proud Maid:  
So Beauty ever since hath bin  
But courted for an hour,  
To love a day is now a sin  
'Gainst Cupid and his power.

*Love admits no Delay.*

To be Chaste is to be Old,  
And that foolish Girl that's cold  
Is fourscore at fifteen,  
Desires do write us green;  
And looser Flames our Youth unfold.

See the first Taper's almost gon,  
Thy flame like that will straight be none,  
And I as it expire,  
Not able to hold fire;  
She loseth Time that lyes alone.

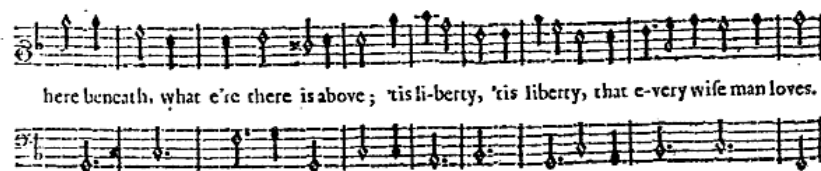
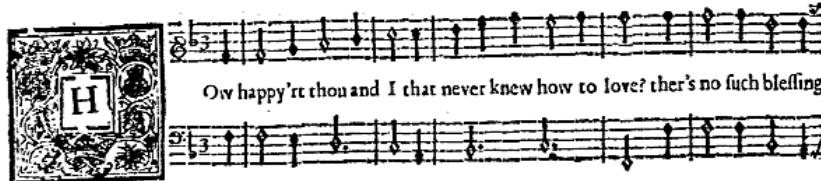
Mr. Henry Lawes.  
Let us cherish then these powers  
Whiles we yet may call them cures;  
Then we best spend our Time,  
When no Dull Zealous Chime,  
But sprightfull kisses strike the hour.

*A Motive to Love.*

IRREGULAR

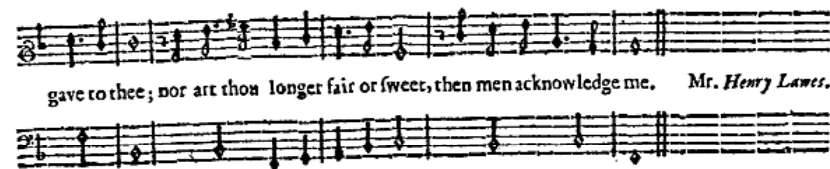
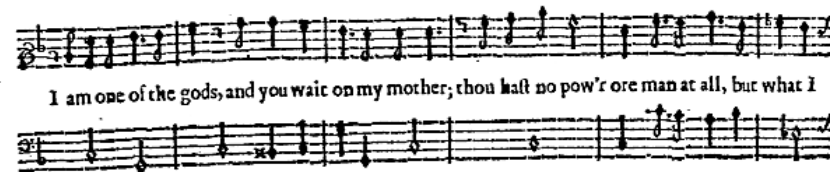
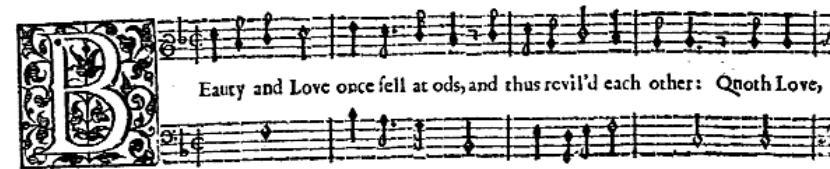
PAGINATION

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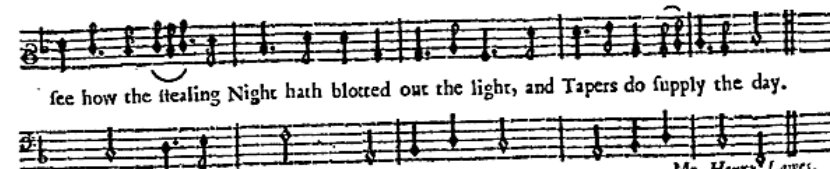
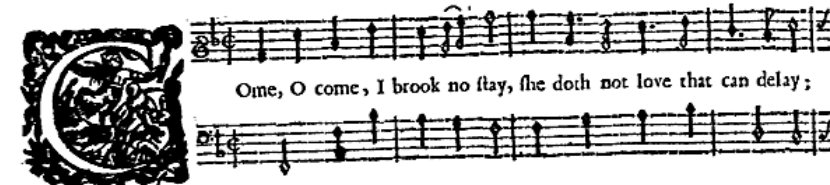
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Ther's nothing sweet, ther's nothing sweet to man, but Liberty.

I'll tye my Heart to none, nor yet confine mine Eyes,  
But I will play my Game so well, I'll never want a prize:  
'tis liberty, 'tis liberty, has made me now thus wise.

*Beauty and Love at ods.*

Away fond Boy, then Beauty said,  
We see that thou art blind;  
But men have knowing eyes, and can  
My graces better find:  
'Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,  
And call'd thee Blind desire;  
I made thy Arrows, and thy Bow,  
And Wings to kindle fire.

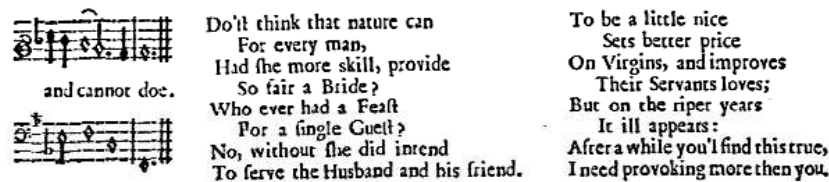
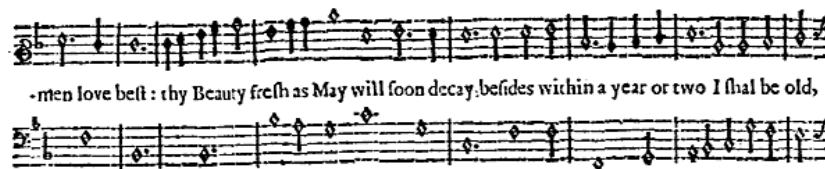
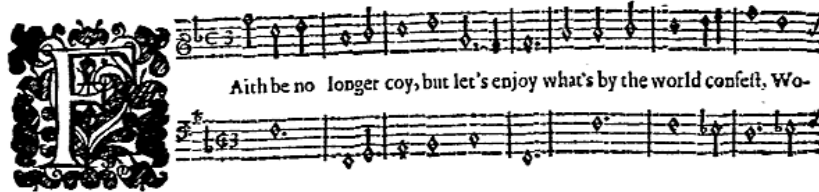
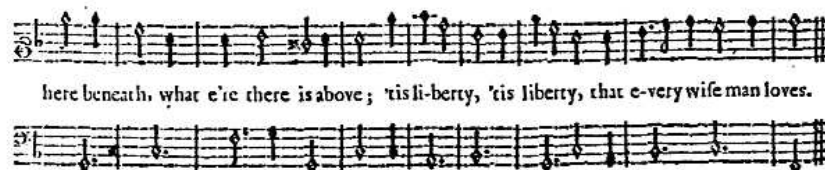
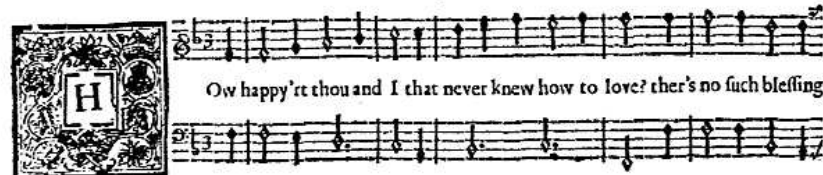
Love here in anger flew away,  
And straight to Vulcan pray'd  
That he would tip his shafts with scorn,  
To punish this proud Maid:  
So Beauty ever since hath bin  
But courted for an hour,  
To love a day is now a sin  
Gainst Cupid and his power.

*Love admits no Delay.*

To be Chaste is to be Old,  
And that foolish Girl that's cold  
Is fourscore at fifteen,  
Desires do write us green;  
And looser Flames our Youth unfold.

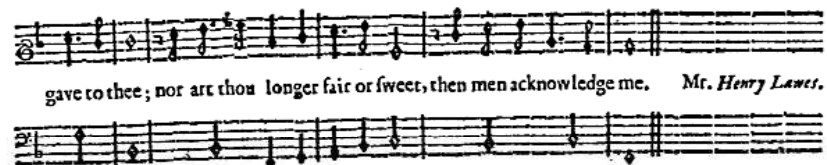
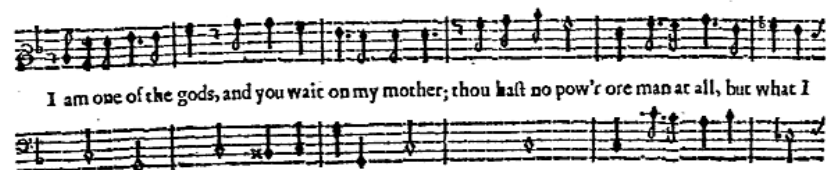
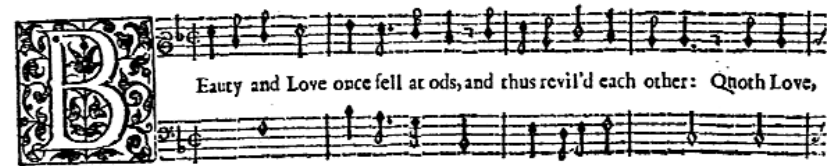
See the first Taper's almost gone,  
Thy flame like that will straight be none,  
And I as it expires,  
Not able to hold fire;  
She loseth Time that lyes alone.

Mr. Henry Lawes.  
Let us cherish then these powers  
Whilst we yet may call them ours;  
Then we best spend our Time,  
When no Dull Zealous Chime,  
But sprightfull kisses strike the hour.

*A Motive to Love.**On Liberty.*

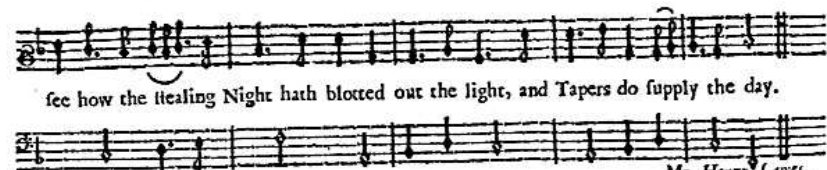
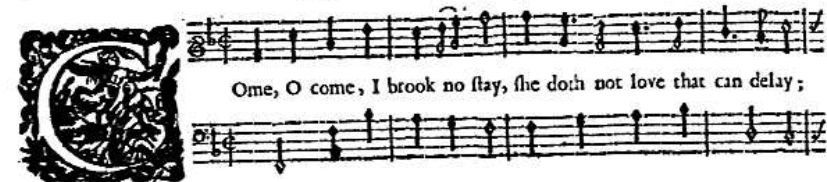
Out, out upon those Eyes, that think to murder mee,  
And he's an Assle belevies her fair, that is not kind and free:  
Ther's nothing sweet, ther's nothing sweet to man, but Liberty.

I'll tye my Heart to none, nor yet confine mine Eyes,  
But I will play my Game so well, I'll never want a prize:  
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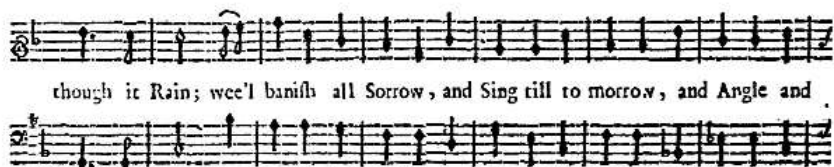
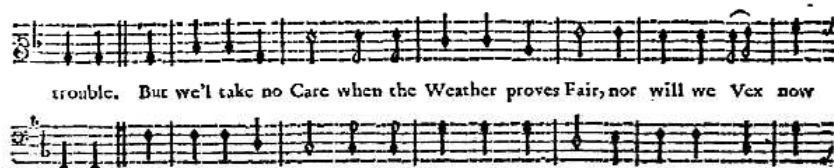
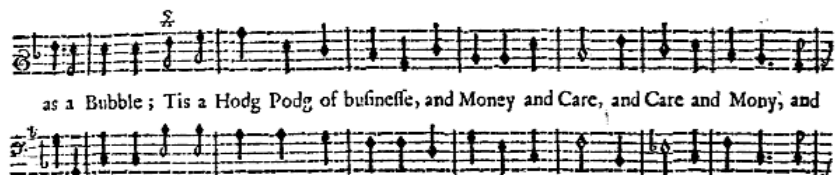
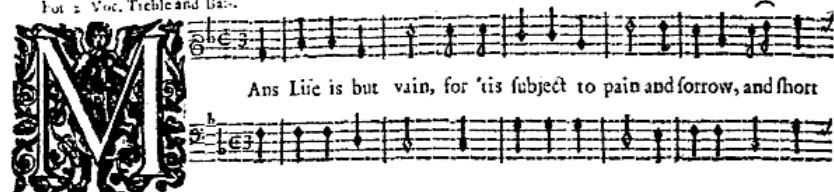
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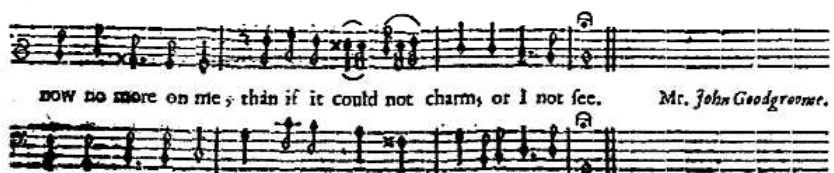
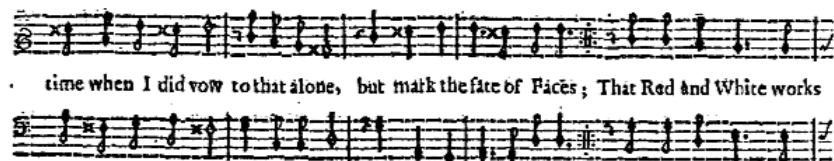
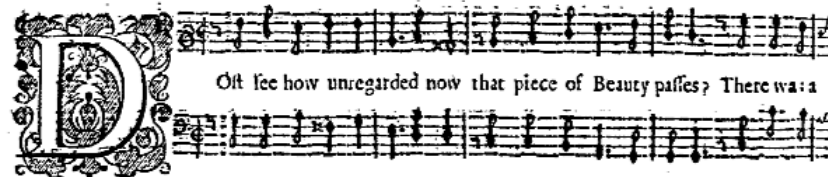


## The Anglers Song.

For 2 Voc. Treble and Bass.



## On Attractive Beauty.



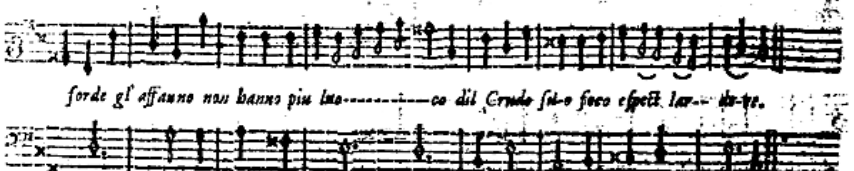
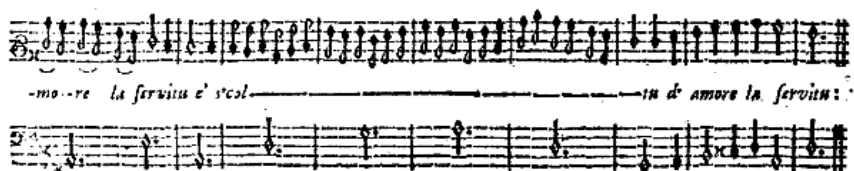
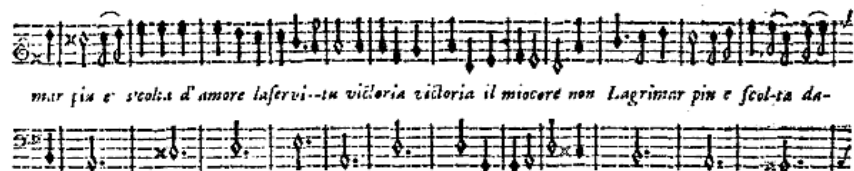
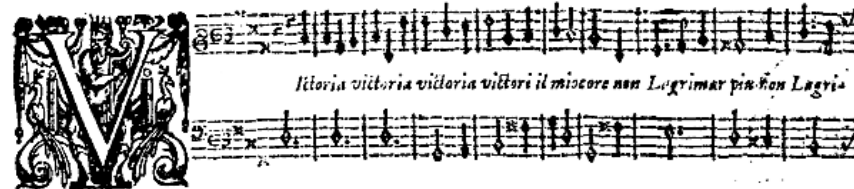
## II.

And yet the Face continues good,  
And I have still desires;  
Am still the self-same Flesh and Blood,  
As apt to melt, and suffer for those fires:  
Oh some kind power unriddle where it lyes,  
Whether my Heart be faultie or her Eyes.

## III.

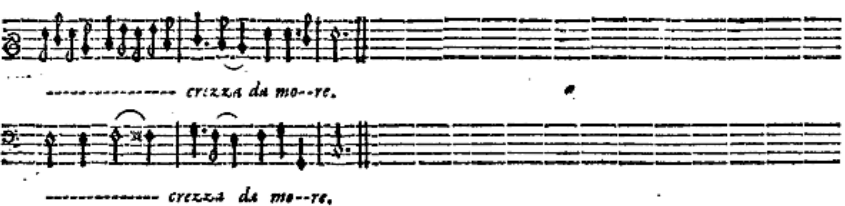
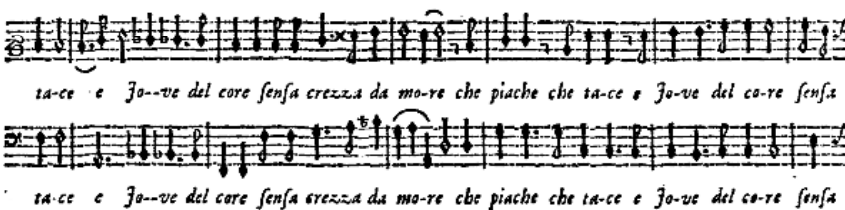
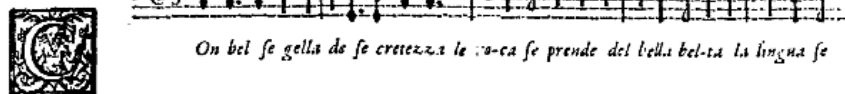
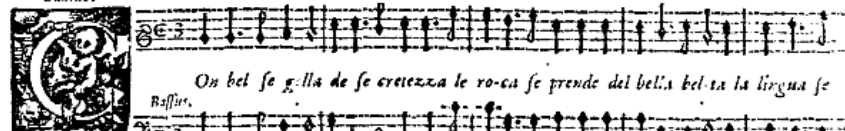
She every day her man doth kill,  
And fasten on eye;  
Neither her Power then, nor my Will  
Can question'd be, what is the Myserie?  
Sure Beauties Empires, like to greater States,  
Have certain Periods set, and hidden Fates.

## An Italian Ayre.



## An Italian Ayre for two Voyces.

CANTUS.



Here endeth the A Y R E S for One or two Voyces  
to the Theorbo-Lute, or Basse-Viol.



SECOND BOOK:  
CONTAINING  
**DIALOGUES**  
For TWO VOYCES:  
To be Sung to the *Theorboe-Lute* or *Basse-Viol*.

*A Dialogue betwixt Phillis and Clorillo.*

*A. 2. Ver. Cantus & Bassus.*



*Phillis.*

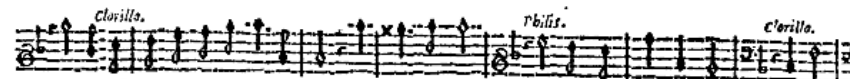
Prethee keep my sheep for me: *Clorillo*, wilt thou, tell?

*Clorillo.*

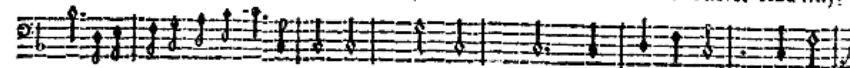
*Phillis.*

Firſt, let me have a kiſs of thee, and I — will keep them well. If thou a while

but to my little flock will look, thou ſhalt have this imbroidred ſkrip and ſilver hook.

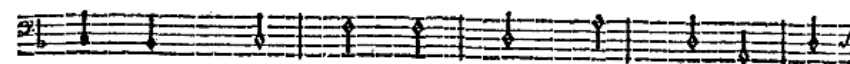


No other favour or reward I crave; but one poor kiſſe. A kiſſe thou muſt not have. And why?



*Phillis.*

Such enticements Maids muſt fly: this Garland thou ſhalt have of Roſes and of Lil-lies.



*Clorillo.*

Nor Skrip, nor Hook, nor Garland ſweeteſt *Phillis*, do I require, to kiſſe thy freſh and

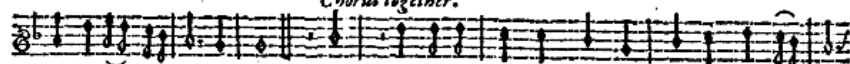


*Phillis.*

Roſe lip is onely my deſire. Take then a kiſſe, and let me goe, till I return thy



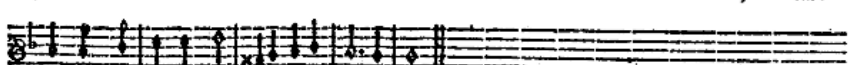
*Chorus together.*



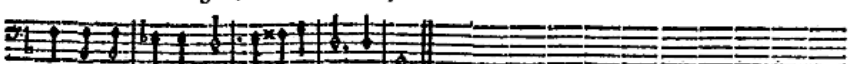
care upon my flocks beſlow. Sweet ſweet is that kiſſe that doth with true and juſt deſire



Sweet ſweet is that kiſſe that doth with true and juſt deſire



as much a-nother give, as to it ſelf require.



as much a-nother give, as to it ſelf require.

## A Dialogue between Silvia and Thirsis.

For Bass and Violon. Thirsis.

**D**ear Silvia, let thy Thirsis know what 'tis that makes those tears o're-

flow. Are the Kids that us'd to play and skip so nimbly gon astray? Are *Cloris* flowers

more fresh and green? Or is some other Nymph made Queen? *Thirsis* do'st thou

think that I can grieve for this, when thou art by? What is it then? My father

bids that I no longer feed my Kids with thine but *Coridons*, and wear none but his

Garlands on my haire. Why so? Why so my Silvia? Will he keep thy flocks more

safe when thou do'st sleep? Will the Nymphs envy more thy praise, when chanted

with his round delays? No *Thirsis*, I my flocks must joyn with his, 'cause they are

more then thine. *Chorus.* Fathers cruell as the Rocks, joyn not their children, but their

flocks, their flocks, and *Hymen* calls to light his torches there, and *Hymen*

calls to light his torches there, where fortune, not affections equall are.

*Hymen* calls to light his torches there, where fortune, not affections equall are.

Dr. Charles Coleman.



## A Dialogue between a Shepherd and Lucinda.

*Shepherd.* *Lucinda.*

**D** Id not you once *Lucinda* vow, you would love none but me? I,

*Shep.*

but my mother tels me now I must love wealth, not thee. 'Tis not my fault, my sheep are

*Luc.*

I can, or that they are so few. Not mine, I cannot love so mean, so poor a thing as you.

*Shep.* *Luc.*

Cruell, cruell thy love is in thy power, fortune is not in mine. But Shepherd, think how

*Shep.* *Luc.* *Shep.* *Luc.*

great my dower is in respect of thine. Ah me! ah me! Ah me! Mock you my grief? I

*Shep.*

pity thy hard fate. Pity, for Love is poor relief, is poor relief, is poor relief, I'd

*Luc.* *Shep.* *Luc.* *Shep.* *Luc.*

rather chuse thy hate. But I must love thee. No. But I must love thee. No. Believe,

*Shep.* *Luc.* *Shep.* *Luc.*

No. Believe. No. I'll seal it with a kiss, and give thee no more cause to grieve then

what thou findst in this: I'll give thee no more cause to grieve, then what thou findst in this.

*Chorus.*

Be witness then, be witness then you powers above, and by these ho-ly bands let it appear that

truest love grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on

truest love grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on

wealth grows not on wealth nor lands.

wealth grows not on wealth nor lands.

## A Dialogue between Daphne and Strephon.

*Strephon.* *Daphne.*

**C**ome my *Daphne*, come away, we do waste the criftal day. 'Tis *Strephon* calls, what

*Strephon.*

would my Love? Come follow to the Mirtle Grove, where *Venus* fhall prepare new chaplets for thy

*Daphne.* *Strephon.*

hair. Were I fhut up within a tree, I'd rend my bark to follow thee. My *Shepherds* make

*Daphne.*

haste, the minutes slide fo' faft. In thofe cooler fhades, will I blind as *Cupid* kiffe your Eye.

*Strephon.* *Chorus.*

In thy bofome then I'll ftay, in fuch warm fnow, who would not lofe his way? We'll laugh and

We'll laugh and

leave this world behind, and gods themfelves that fee, fhall envy thee and me, but never find fuch

leave this world behind, and gods themfelves that fee, fhall envy thee and me, but never find fuch

joyes when they embrace a Di-e-ty. *Mr. Williams Laves.*

joyes when they embrace a Di-e-ty.

## A Dialogue between Shepherd and Shepherds.

*Shepherds.* *Shepherd.*

**H**ear fond Swain, I cannot love. I prethee fair one, tell me why

*Shepherds.* *Shepherd.*

thou art fo cold? You do but move to take away my liber-ty. I'll keep thy fleep whilst

*Shepherds.*

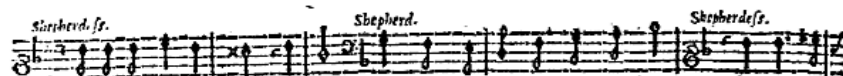
thou fhalt play; Delight fhall make each Moneth a *May*. Thofe pleasant are unthrifty hours.

*Shepherd.*

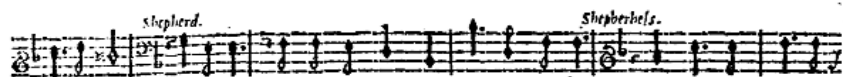
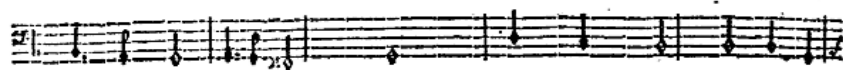
Thou fhalt have the choycelt flowers, wax and Hony, milk & wool, of ripeft fruits thy belly full.

*Shepherds.* *Shepherd.*

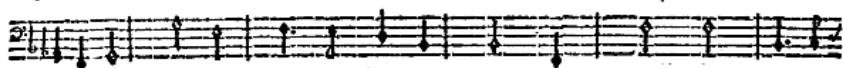
My flocks I'll keep by thine. Not fo, but let them undiftinguifht go. *vert. fol.*



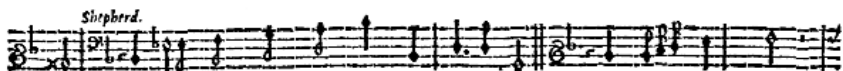
I can afford no more. Ah cease! Love come so far may yet increase. Each day I'll



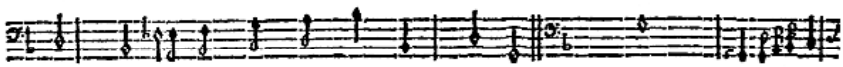
grant a kiss. Our blisses must not conclude, but spring from kisses. Then Shepherd love thy



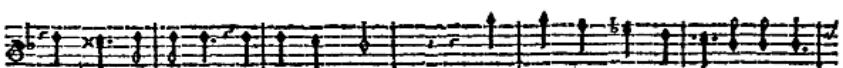
Chorus.



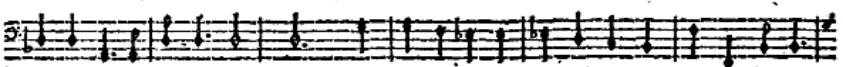
fill. I shall, who knows how much loves not at all. Then draw we both



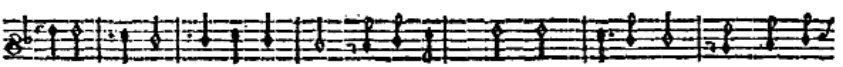
Then draw we



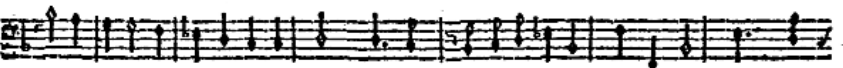
our flocks up hither, that we may pitch, That we may pitch our folds together,



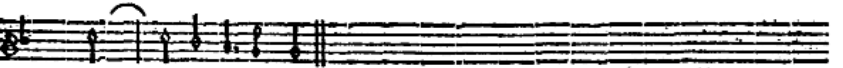
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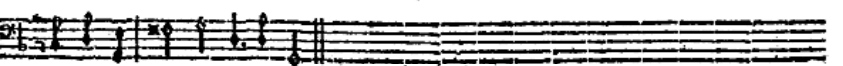
Amidst our chaste imbracements meet, our selves as blameless as our sheep, our selves as



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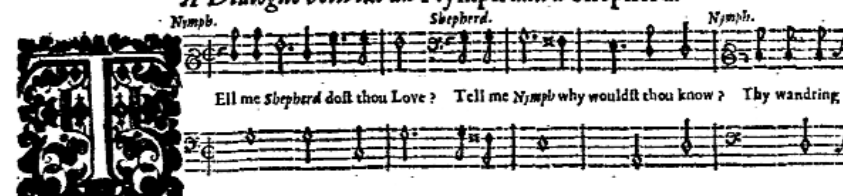
blameless as our sheep.



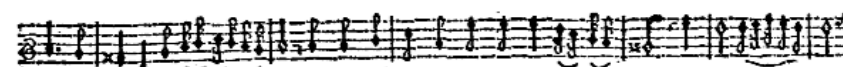
Our selves as blameless as our sheep.

Mr. William Casar. alias Smirgill.

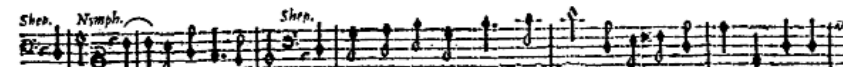
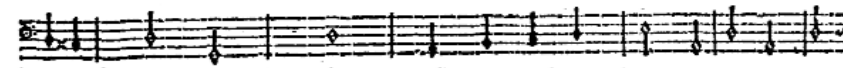
A Dialogue betwixt an Nymph and a Shepherd.



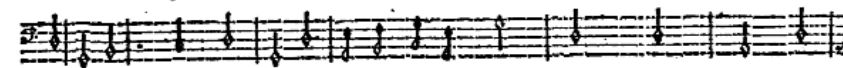
Ell me Shepherd dost thou Love? Tell me Nymph why wouldst thou know? Thy wandering



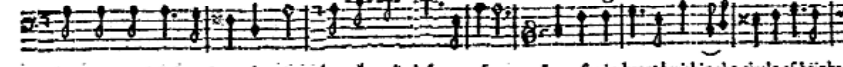
Flocks that without guide doth Rove thy blubber'd Eyes, that fill with teares doth flow, makes me to ask.



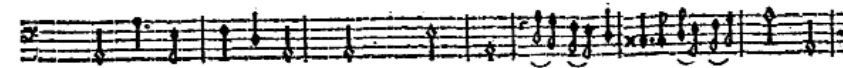
I do. Dear Shepherd tell me who? I Love a Nymph, from whose bright Eyes Pleure doth her brightness borrow,



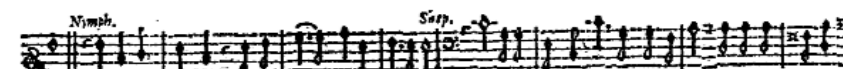
Chorus together.



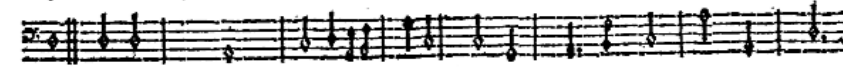
where Love did first my heart surprize, where since hath sate my sorrow. Love sits imbro'd within the circle of bright



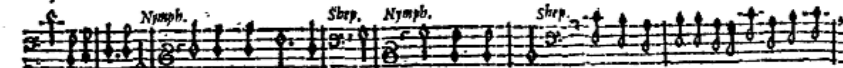
Love sits inthor'd within the circle of bright



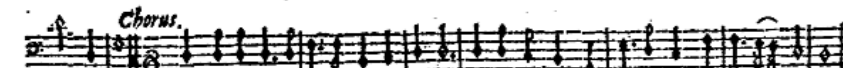
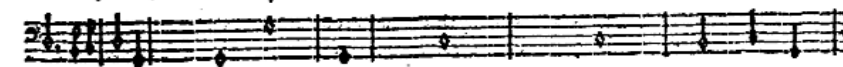
Eyes. But tell me Shepherd, doth her Vertues Beauty equal? As She in Beauty doth all else excel, so are her Vertues



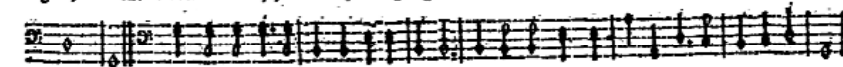
Eyes.



without parallel; Dost She disdain thee? No. Why griev'st thou then? Because her love is only worthy of the



gods, not men. Loves chiefeft joy is but a pleasing anguish, who lives in Love, doth dying live, and living languish.

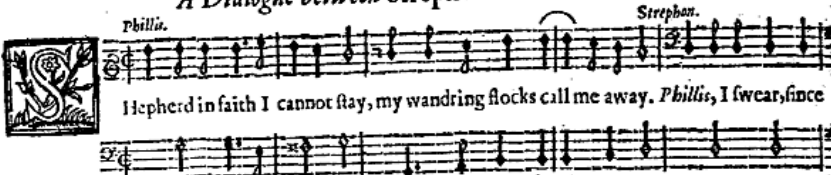


gods not men. Loves chiefeft joy is but a pleasing anguish, who lives in Love, doth dying live, and living languish.

Mr. Nich. Lupton

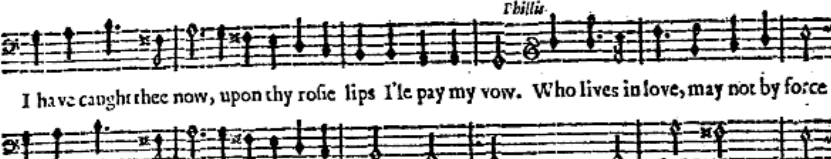
## A Dialogue between Strephon and Phillis.

*Phillis.*



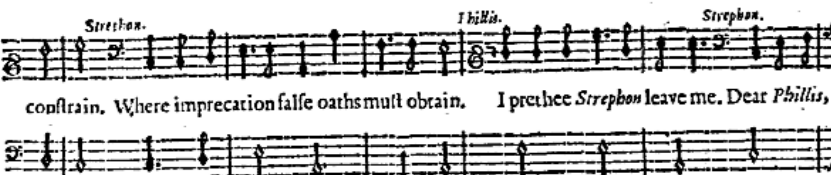
Hephred in faith I cannot stay, my wandering flocks call me away. *Phillis*, I swear, since

*Phillis.*



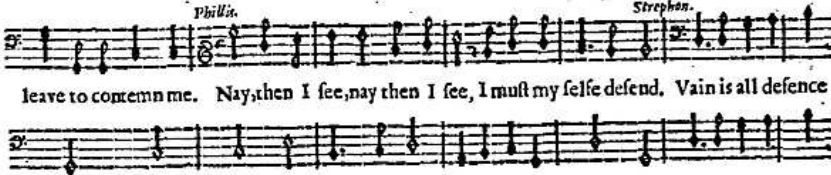
I have caught thee now, upon thy rose lips I'll pay my vow. Who lives in love, may not by force

*Strephon.* *Phillis.* *Strephon.*



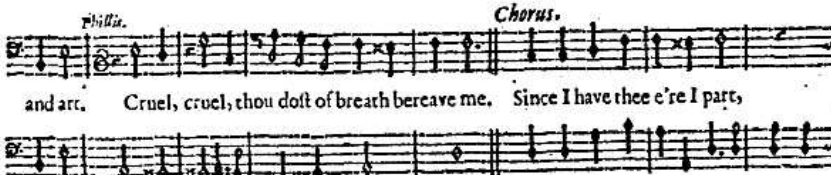
constrain. Where imprecation false oaths must obtain. I prethee *Strephon* leave me. Dear *Phillis*,

*Phillis.* *Strephon.*



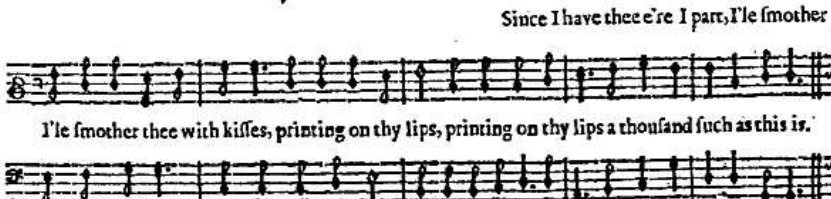
leave to condemn me. Nay, then I see, nay then I see, I must my selfe defend. Vain is all defence

*Phillis.* *Chorus.*



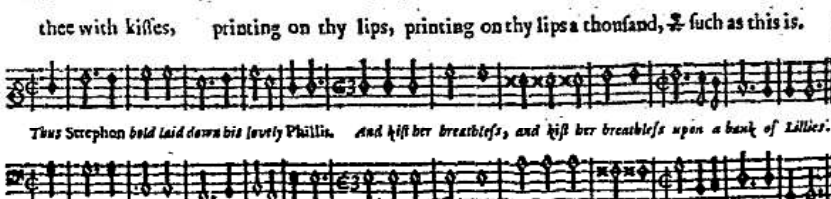
and art. Cruel, cruel, thou dost of breath bereave me. Since I have thee e're I part,

*Phillis.* *Chorus.*



Since I have thee e're I part, I'll smother thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips a thousand such as this is.

*Phillis.* *Chorus.*



thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips a thousand, & such as this is.

Thus Strephon bold laid down his lovely Phillis. And kiss her breathless, and kiss her breathless upon a bank of Lillies.

Thus Strephon bold laid down his lovely Phillis, And kiss her breathless, and kiss her breathless upon a bank of Lillies.  
Mr. Nich. Laneart.

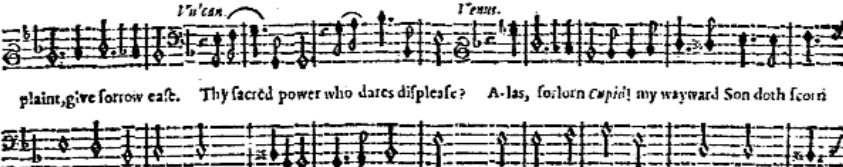
## A Dialogue between Venus and Vulcan.

*Venus.* *Vulcan.* *Venus.*



*Vulcan, Vulcan.* O *Vulcan*, my Love! Who calls: Who names me here, 'mongst flames? Sweet, hear my

*Vulcan.* *Venus.*



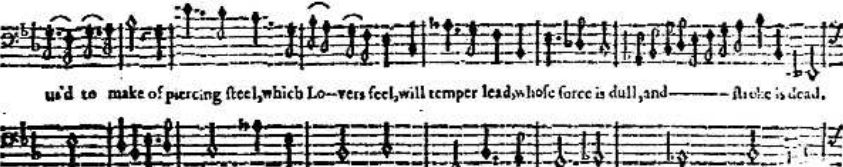
plaint, give sorrow ease. Thy sacred power who dares displease? A-las, forlorn *Cupid*! my wayward Son doth scorn

*Vulcan.*



Loves just decree, my awful fust and heavenly De-i-tie. Is he so bold & well, for thy sake, I that his Arrows heads have

*Vulcan.*




us'd to make of piercing steel, which Lo-vers feel, will temper lead, whose force is dull, and ——— stroke is dead,

*Vulcan.*



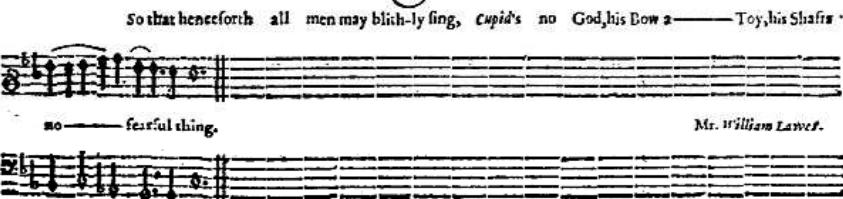
So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his Bow a ——— Toy, his Shaft no fearful

*Chorus.*



thing. So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his Bow a ——— Toy, his Shaft

*Chorus.*



So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his Bow a ——— Toy, his Shaft

no ——— fearful thing.

Mr. William Lawes.

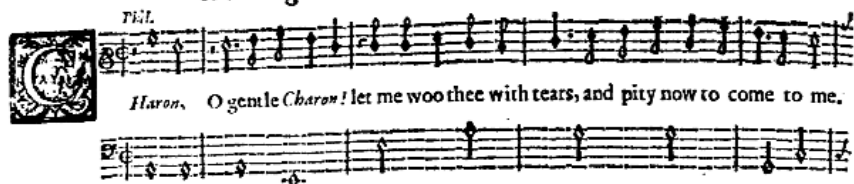
no ——— fearful thing.

X



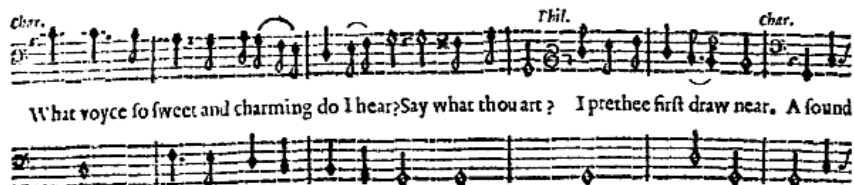
## A Dialogue between Charon and Philomel.

*Phil.*



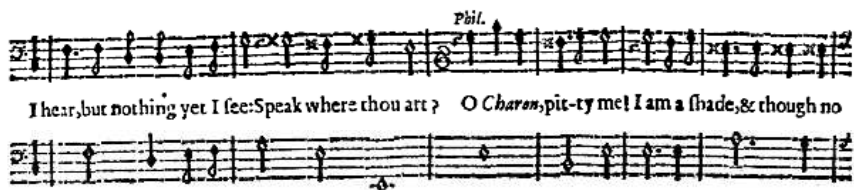
*Charon.* O gentle *Charon*! let me woo thee with tears, and pity now to come to me.

*Chor.*



What voice so sweet and charming do I hear? Say what thou art? I prethee first draw near. A sound

*Phil.*



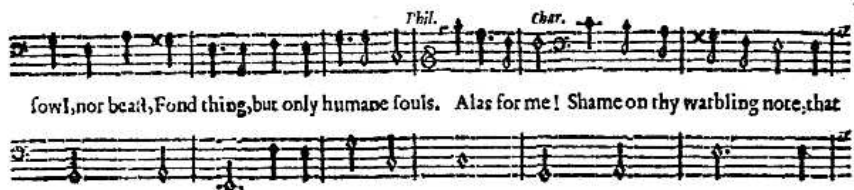
I hear, but nothing yet I see: Speak where thou art? O *Charon*, pit-ty me! I am a shade, & though no

*Char.*



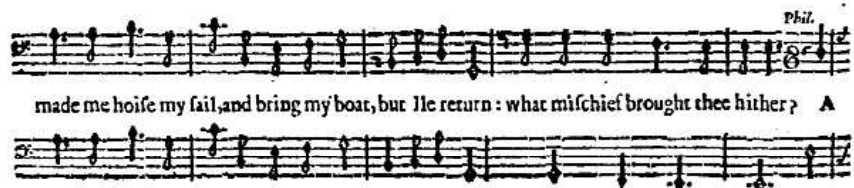
name I tell, my mournfull voice will say I'm *Philomel*. What's that to me? I waite, nor fish, nor

*Phil.* *Char.*



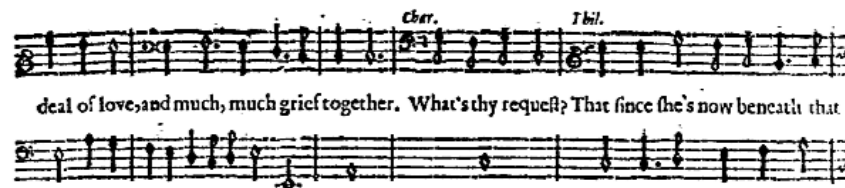
owl, nor beait, Fond thing, but only humane souls. Alas for me! Shame on thy warbling note, that

*Phil.*



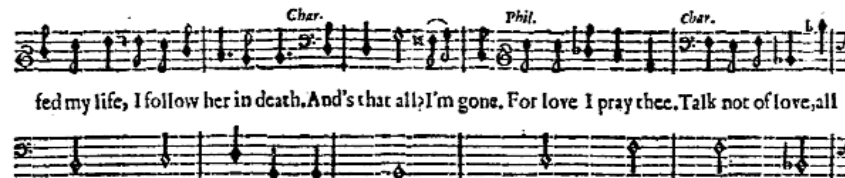
made me hoise my sail, and bring my boat, but Ile return: what mischief brought thee hither? A

*Char.* *Phil.*



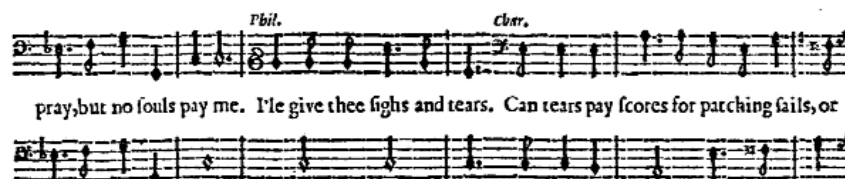
deal of love, and much, much grief together. What's thy request? That since she's now beneath that

*Char.* *Phil.* *Char.*



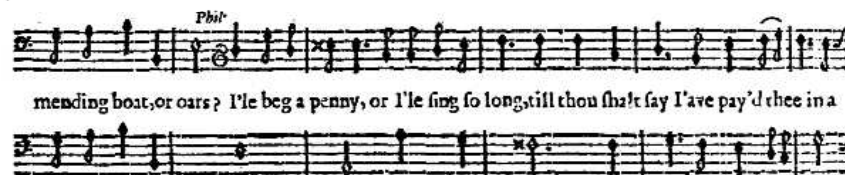
fed my life, I follow her in death, And's that all? I'm gone. For love I pray thee. Talk not of love, all

*Phil.* *Char.*



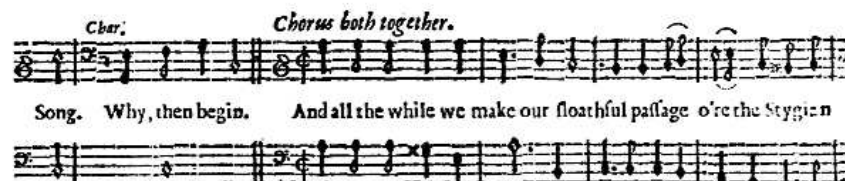
pray, but no souls pay me. I'll give thee sighs and tears. Can tears pay scores for patching sails, or

*Phil.*



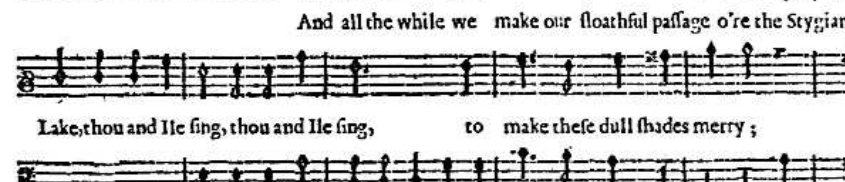
mending boat, or oars? I'll beg a penny, or I'll sing so long, till thou shalt say I've pay'd thee in a

*Char.* *Chorus both together.*



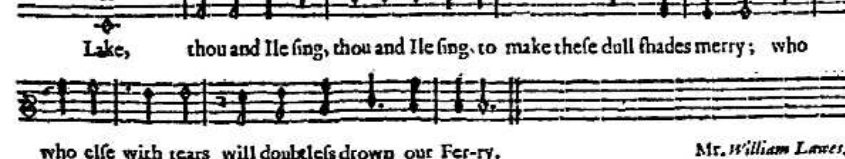
Song. Why, then begin. And all the while we make our sloathful passage o're the Stygian

And all the while we make our sloathful passage o're the Stygian



Lake, thou and Ile sing, thou and Ile sing, to make these dull shades merry;

Lake, thou and Ile sing, thou and Ile sing, to make these dull shades merry; who



who else with tears will doubtless drown our Fer-ry.

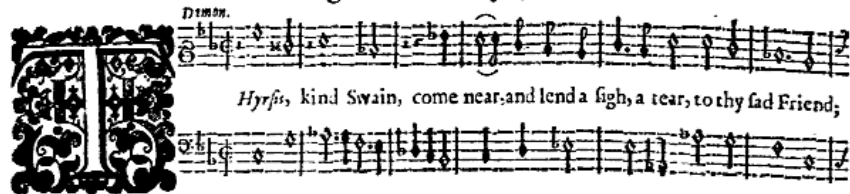
else with tears will doubtless drown our Fer-ry.



Mr. William Lawes.

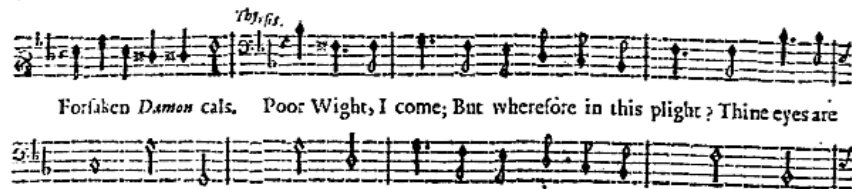
## A Dialogue between Thyrsis and Damon.

*Damon.*



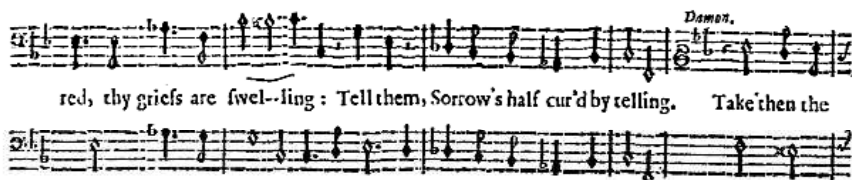
Thyrsis, kind Swain, come near, and lend a sigh, a tear, to thy sad Friend;

*Thyrsis.*



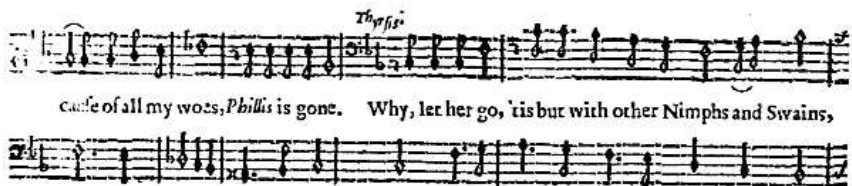
Forfaken Damon calls. Poor Wight, I come; But wherefore in this plight? Thine eyes are

*Damon.*



red, thy griefs are swell-ing: Tell them, Sorrow's half cur'd by telling. Take then the

*Thyrsis.*

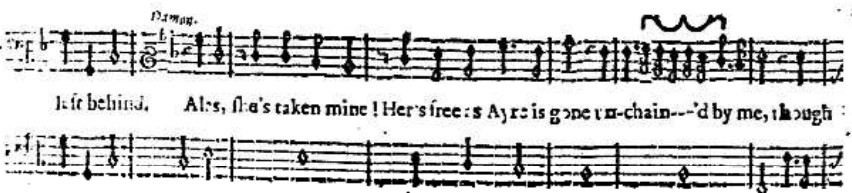


cause of all my woes, *Phyllis* is gone. Why, let her go, 'tis but with other Nymphs and Swains,

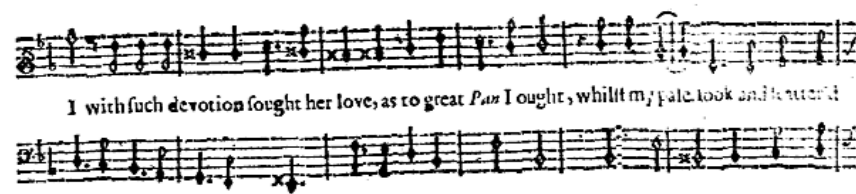


to sport upon the Neighbouring Plains; she'll come again, be't but to find the Heart with thee she

*Damon.*

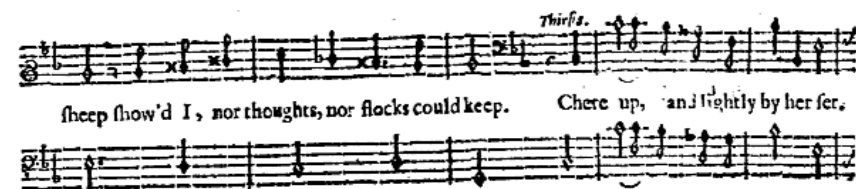


left behind. Alas, she's taken mine! Her's free: s Ayre is gone un-chain'd by me, though



I with such devotion fought her love, as to great *Pan* I ought, whilst my pale look and haggard

*Thyrsis.*




sheep show'd I, nor thoughts, nor flocks could keep. Chere up, and lightly by her ser,

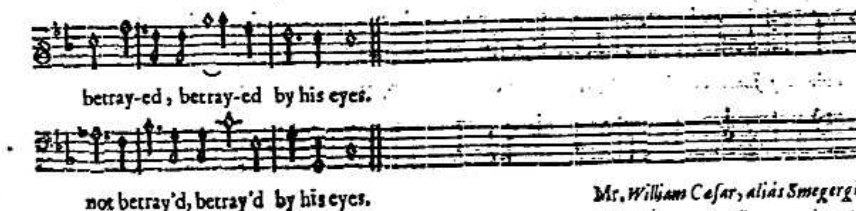
*Damon.* *Chorus.*



He never lov'd that could forget. Love is a Riddle, which he best unties,  
Love is a Riddle, which he best un-



whose reason's not betray'd by his eyes, whose reason's not  
ties, whose reason's not betrayed by his eyes, whose reason's

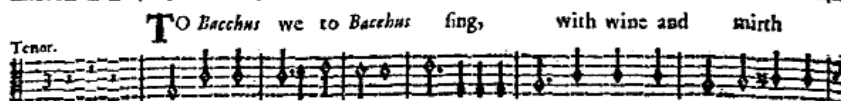


betray-ed, betray-ed by his eyes.  
not betray'd, betray'd by his eyes.

Mr. William Cesar, alias Smegergill.

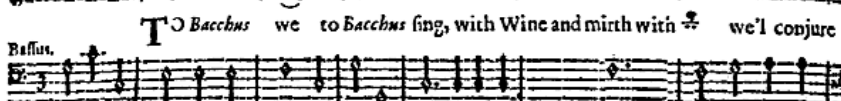
*A Glee to Bacchus with Chorus for Three voices to be sung between every verse.*

Cantus, Chorus.



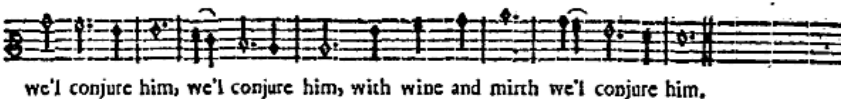
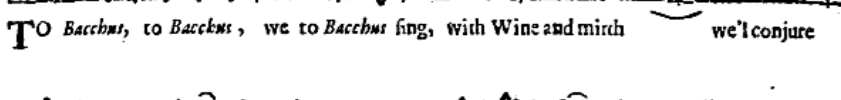
**T**O Bacchus we to Bacchus sing, with wine and mirth

Tenor.

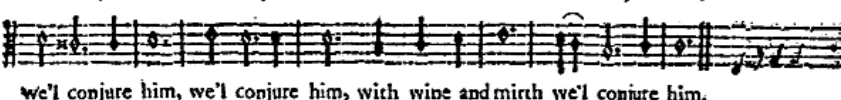


**T**O Bacchus we to Bacchus sing, with Wine and mirth with  $\times$  we'll conjure

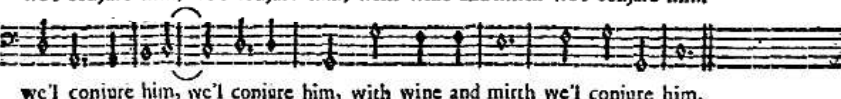
Bassus.



we'll conjure him, we'll conjure him, with wine and mirth we'll conjure him.

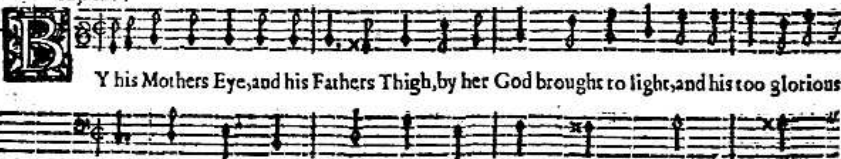


we'll conjure him, we'll conjure him, with wine and mirth we'll conjure him.

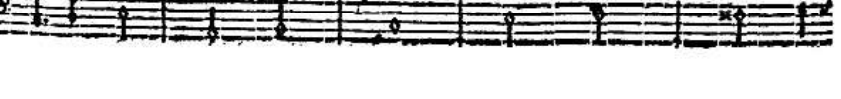
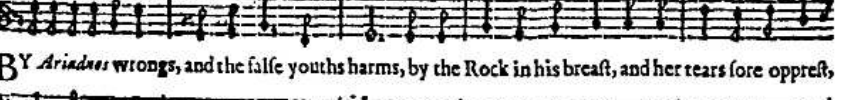
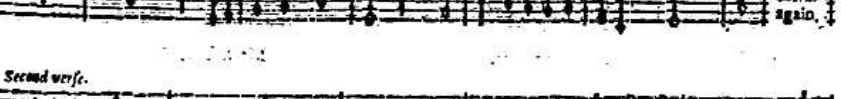
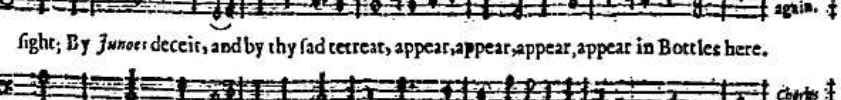
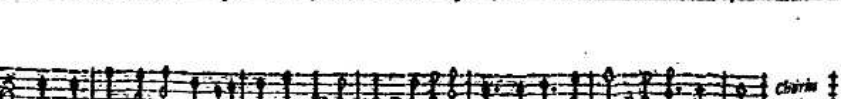


we'll conjure him, we'll conjure him, with wine and mirth we'll conjure him.

First verse.



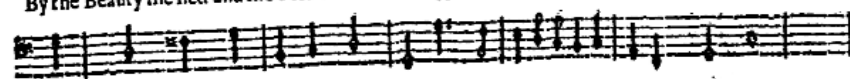
**B**Y his Mothers Eye, and his Fathers Thigh, by her God brought to light, and his too glorious



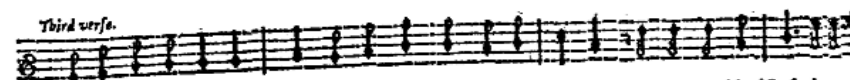
*A Glee with Chorus for three voices to be sung to every verse.*



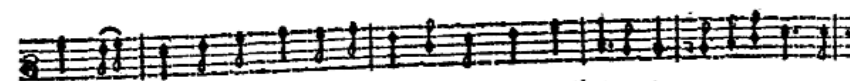
By the Beauty she fled and the Pleasures of a bed, appear, appear, appear, appear in Bottles here.



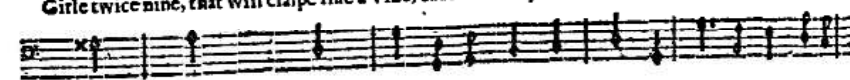
Third verse.



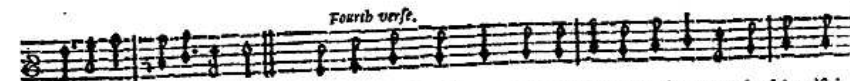
**B**Y this purple Wine thus pour'd on the shrine; and by this Beer glasse to the next kind Lads; by a



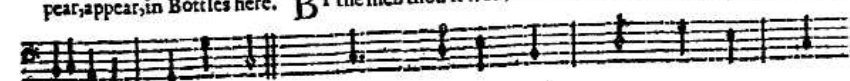
Girl twice nine, that will claspe like a Vine, that will claspe thee like a Vine, appear, appear, ap-



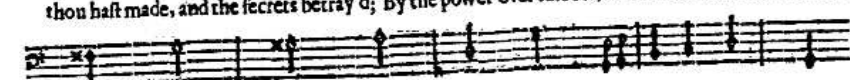
Fourth verse.



pear, appear, in Bottles here. **B**Y the men thou'lt won, and the women undone; By the friendship

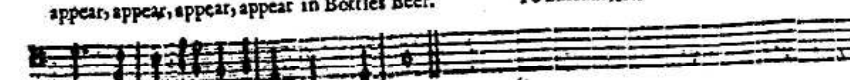


thou hast made, and the secrets betray'd; By the power over sorrow, thus charm'd till to morrow.



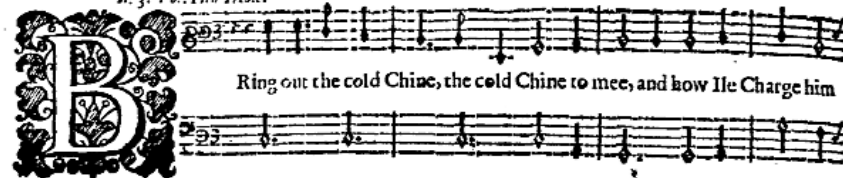
appear, appear, appear, appear in Bottles Beer.

To Bacchus, &c.

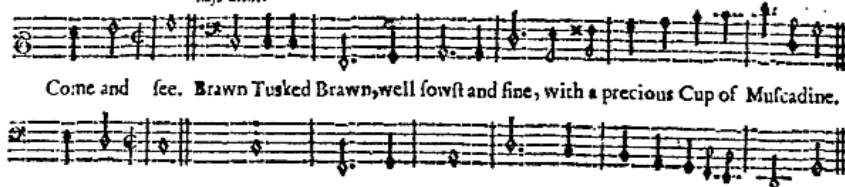




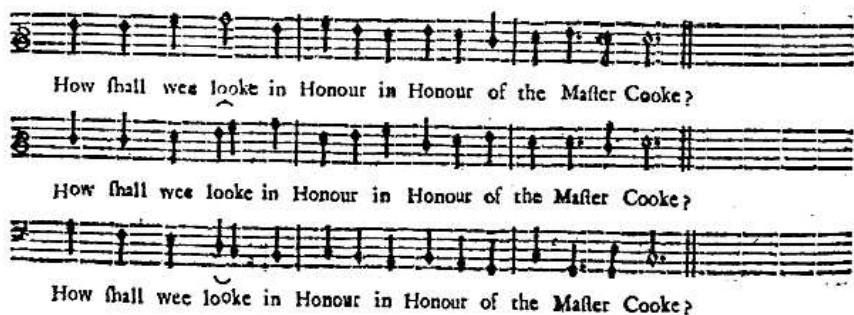
## A Glee to the Cook.

A. 3. 1<sup>st</sup>. First Treble.

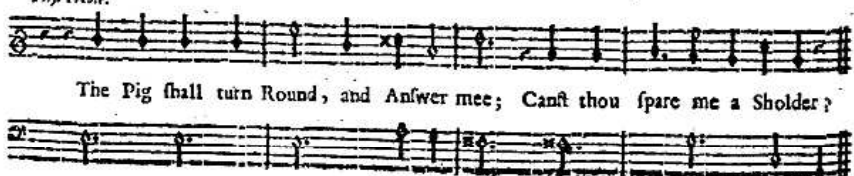
Bass alone.



Chorus for three Voyces.

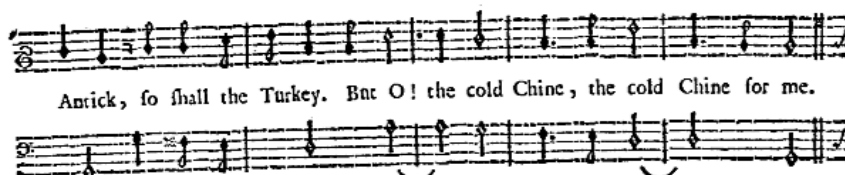
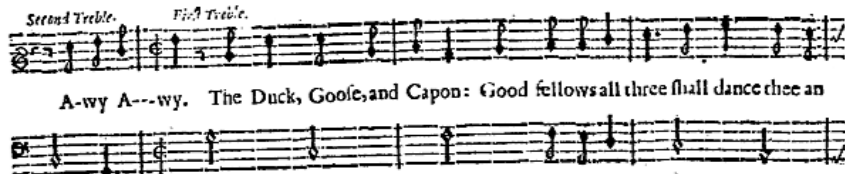


First Treble.

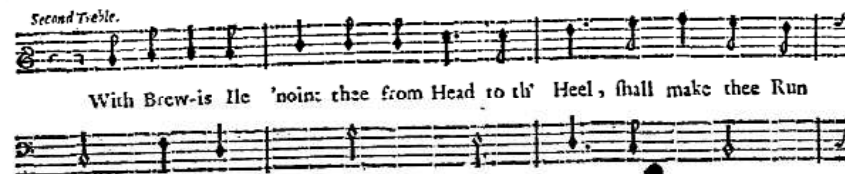


Second Treble.

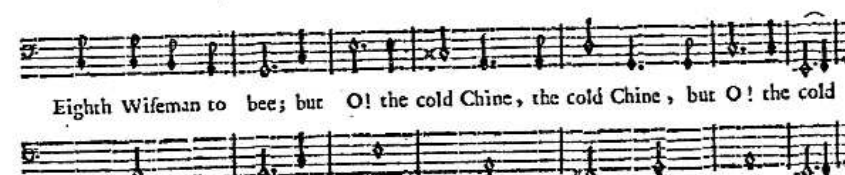
First Treble.



Second Treble.



Bass alone.



Chorus of three Voyces again.

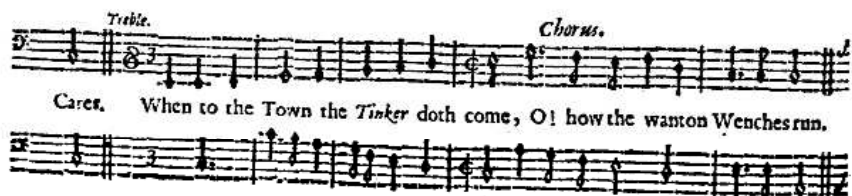
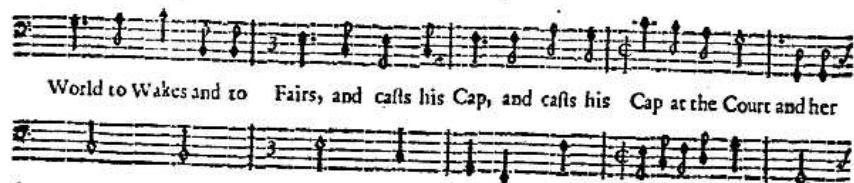
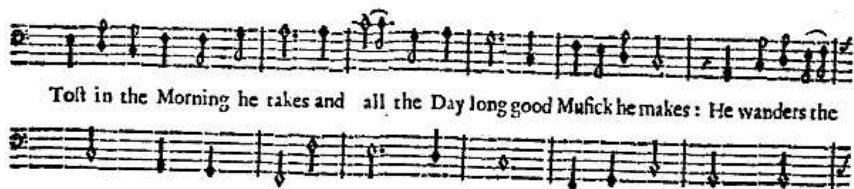
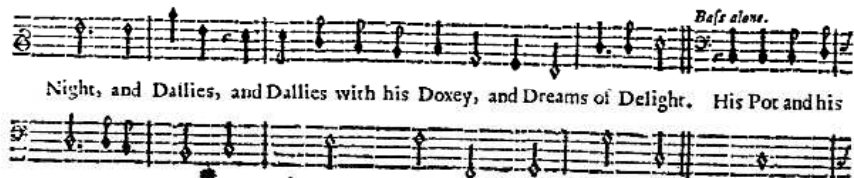
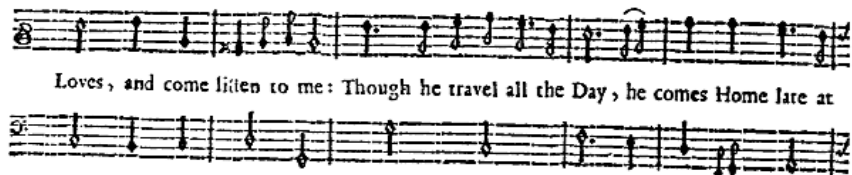
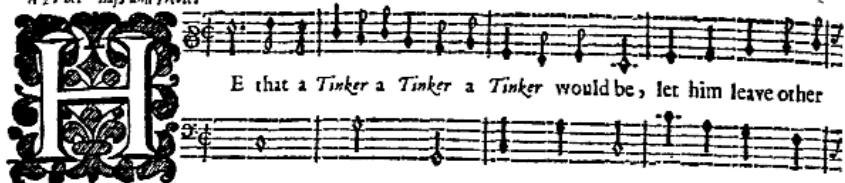


Dr. John Wilson



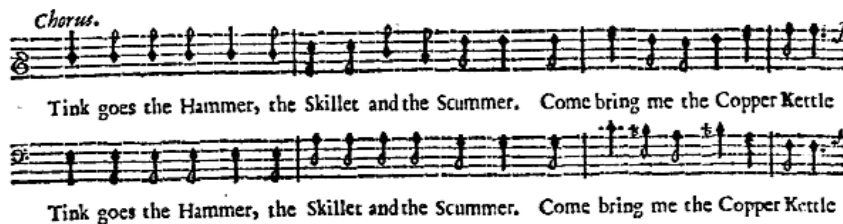
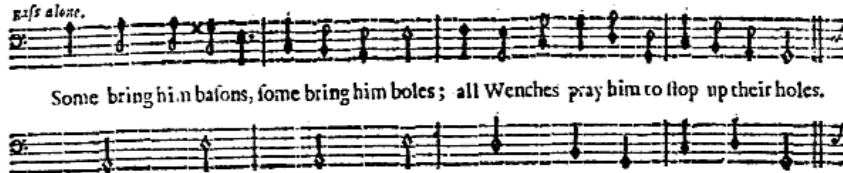
## The Tinker.

A: Voc. Bass and Treble.



O! how the wanton Wenches run.

Bass alone.



Dr. John Wilson.

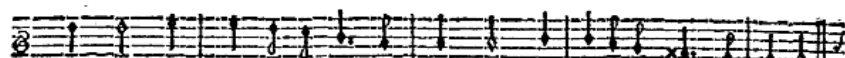
## A Glee.

A. 3. Voc. Treble and Bass.

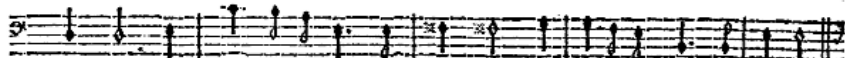


Ly Boy, Fly Boy to the Cellars bottome, view well your Quills and

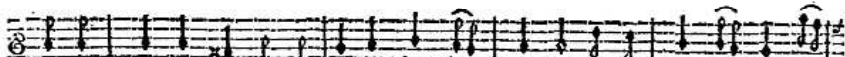
Fly Boy to the Cellars bottome, view well your Quills and



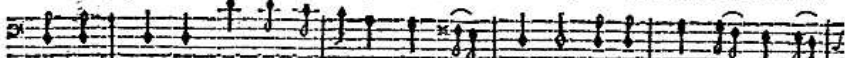
Bung, Sir: draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; not Rascally Wine, to Rot um,



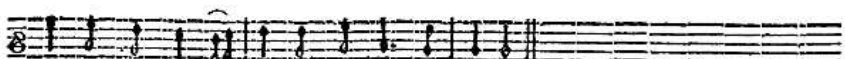
Bung, Sir: draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; not Rascally Wine, to Rot um,



If the Quills run foule, be a trusty Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an

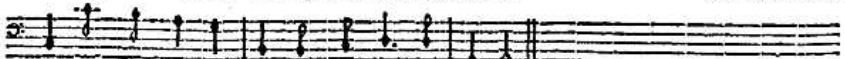


If the Quills run foule, be a trusty Soule, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an



ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it.

Mr. Simon Ives.



ill drop will much an ill drop will much profane it.

Here Endeth the Second Part of this Book;  
being *Dialogues* and *Glees* for two Voices,  
to the *Theorboe-Lute*, or *Bass-Viol*.



## THIRD BOOK,

CONTAINING

Short *ATRES* or *BALADS* for Three Voyces:

Which may be sung either by a Voyce alone, or by Two or Three Voyces.

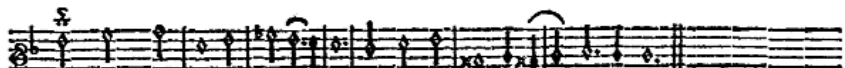
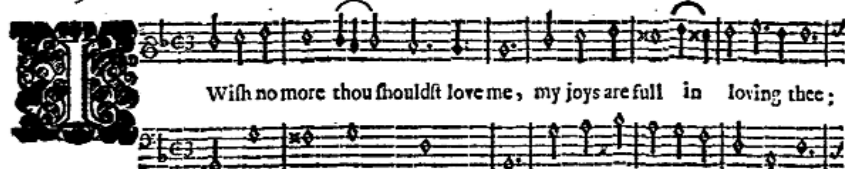
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

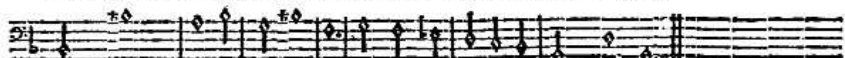
Mr. William Webb.



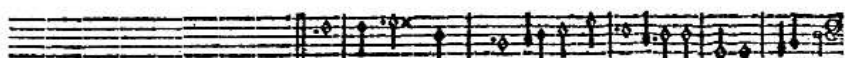
With no more thou shouldst love me, my joys are full in loving thee;



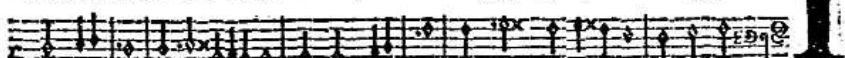
my Heart's too narrow to contain my bliss, if thou shouldst love again,



too narrow to contain my bliss, if thou shouldst love again,



With no more thou shouldst love mee, my joys are full in loving thee; my Heart's



Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



With no more thou shouldst love mee, my joys are full in loving thee; my Heart's



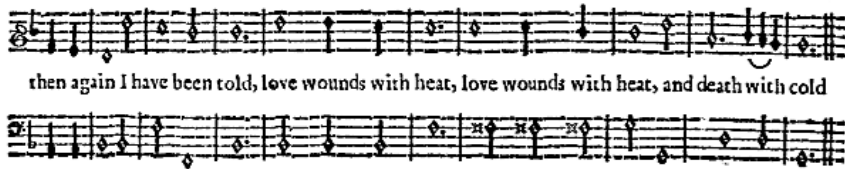
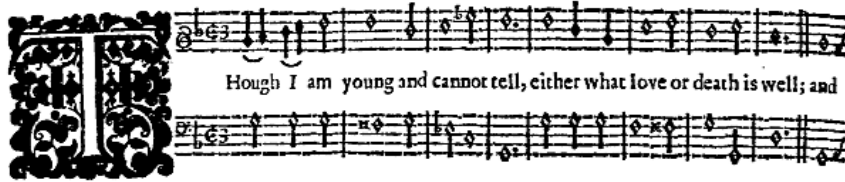
too narrow to contain my bliss, if thou shouldst love again.

A 2

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Nicholas Lanneare.

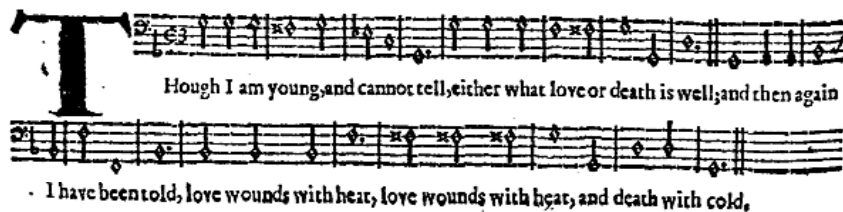


Yet I have heard they both bear darts,  
And both do aime at humane hearts;  
So that I fear they do but bring  
Extreams to touch, and mean one thing.



A. 3. Voc.

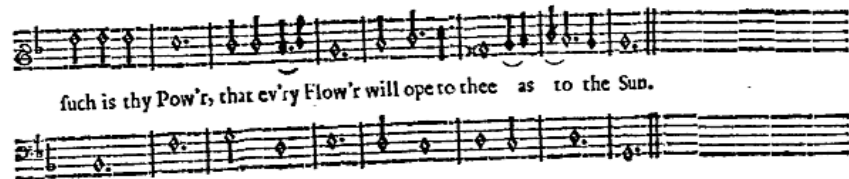
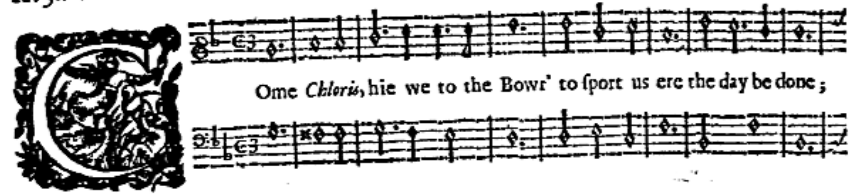
Bassus.



A. 3. Voc.

Chloris taking the Ayre.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

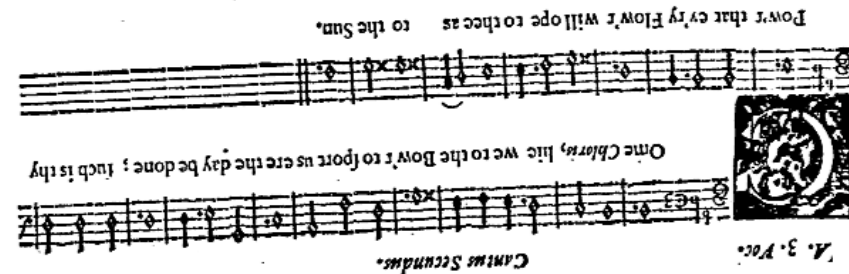


II.

And if a Flow'r but chance to dye  
With my sighs blasts, or mine Eyes rain,  
Thou can't revive it with thine Eye,  
And with thy breath mak't sweet again.

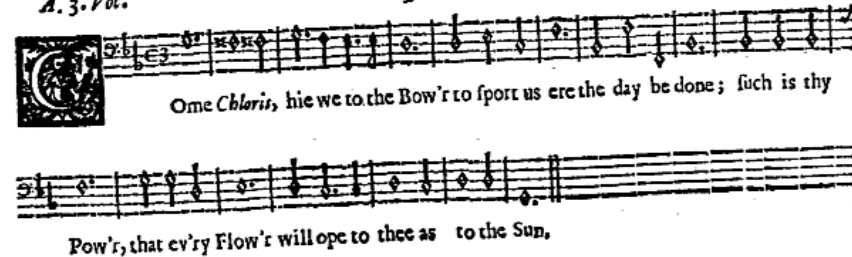
III.

The wanton Suckling and the Vine  
Will thrive for th' honour, who first may  
With their green Arms incircle thine,  
To keep the burning Sun away.



A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



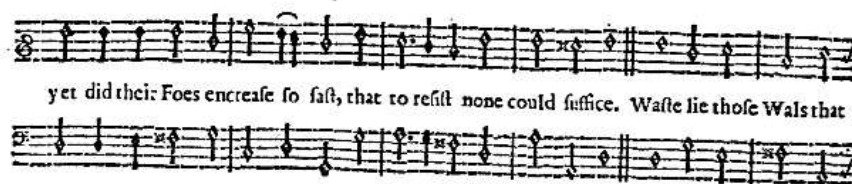
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

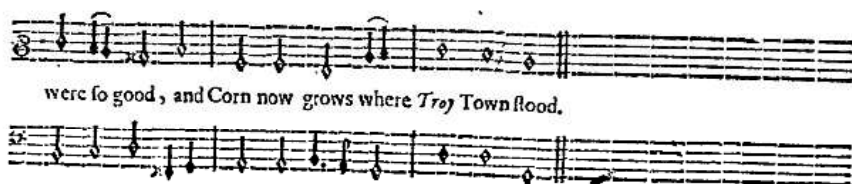
Dr. John Wilson.



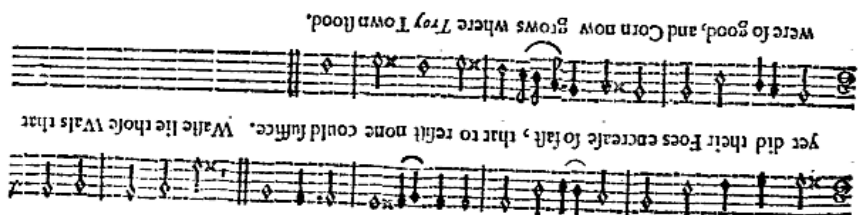
Hen Troy Town for ten years Wars withstood the *Greeks* in manful wife,



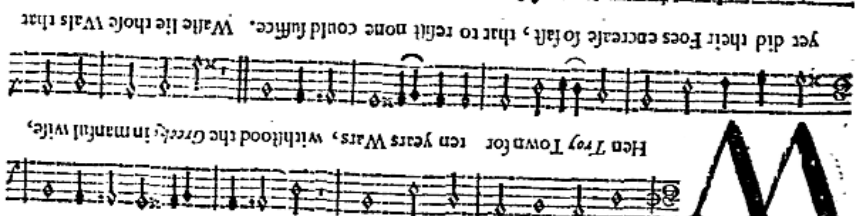
yet did their Foes encrease so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Walls that



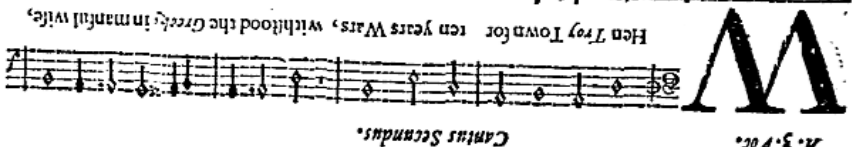
were so good, and Corn now grows where Troy Town stood.



were so good, and Corn now grows where Troy Town stood.



yet did their Foes encrease so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Walls that



Hen Troy Town for ten years Wars, withstood the *Greeks* in manful wife,

Cantus Secundus.

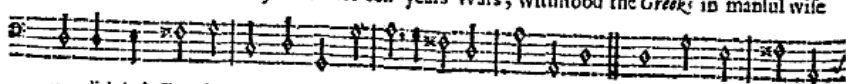
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

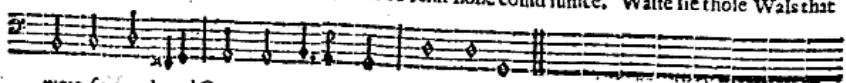
Bassus.



Hen Troy Town for ten years Wars, withstood the *Greeks* in manful wife



yet did their Foes increase so fast, that to resist none could suffice. Waste lie those Walls that



were so good, and Corn now grow where Troy Town stood,

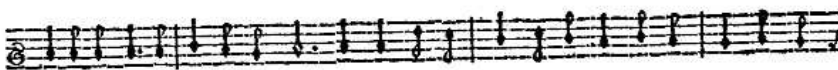
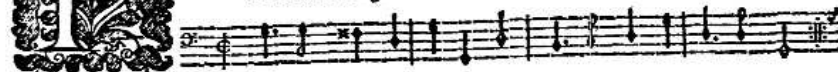
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

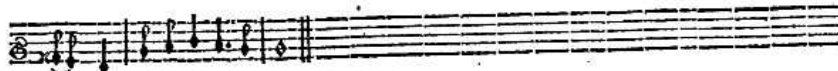
Dr. John Wilson.



Rom the fair *Lavi-ni-an* Shore, I your Markers come to store.  
Mufe not though so far I dwell, and my Wares come here to sell.



Such is the sacred hunger of Gold; then come to my Pack, while I cry what d' ye lack, what d' ye

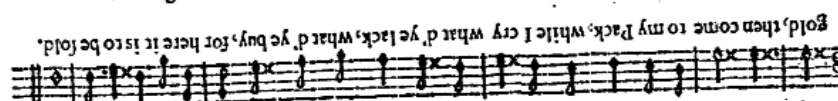


buy, for here it is to be sold.

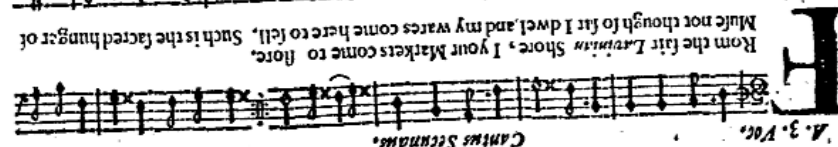


I have Beauty, Honour, Grace,  
Fortune, Favour, Time, and Place;  
And what else thou would'st request,  
Even the Thing thou likest best.  
First let me have but a touch of thy Gold,  
Then come to me Lad  
Thou shalt have what thy Dad  
Never gave, for here it is to be sold.

Maddam, come see what you lack,  
Here's Complexion in my Pack;  
White and Red you may have in this place,  
To hide your old ill wrinkled Face;  
First let me have but a touch of thy Gold,  
Then thou shalt seem  
Like a Wenck of Fifteen,  
Although thou be three score Years old.



gold, then come to my Pack, while I cry what d' ye lack, what d' ye buy, for here it is to be sold.



Rom the fair *Lavinian* Shore, I your Markers come to store.  
Mufe not though so far I dwell, and my wares come here to sell. Such is the sacred hunger of

Cantus Secundus.

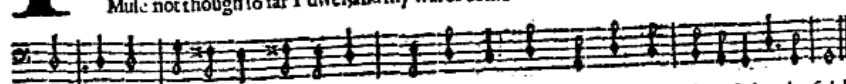
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Rom the fair *Lavinian* Shore, I your Markers come to store.  
Mufe not though so far I dwell, and my wares come here to sell. Such is the sacred hunger of



gold, then come to my Pack, while I cry, What d' ye lack, what d' ye buy? For here it is to be sold.

B b



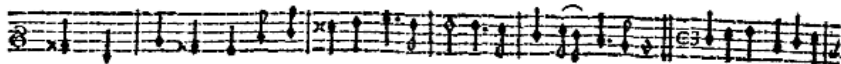
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

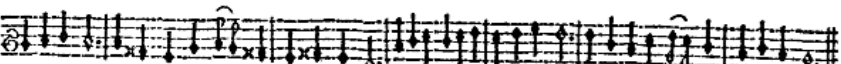
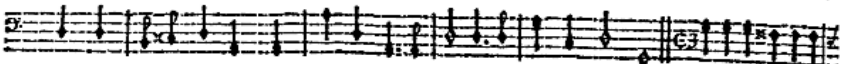
Dr. John Wilson.



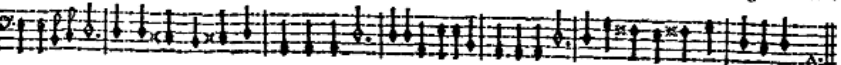
Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I



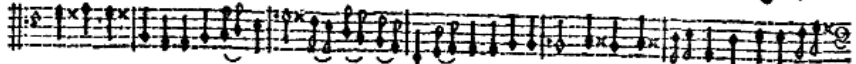
cowch when *Owls* do crie, on the *Batts* back I do flie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie



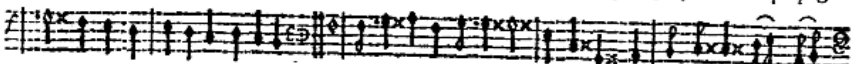
shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow. Merrily merrily shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow.



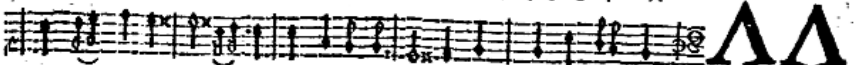
under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.



*Owls* do cry, on the *Batts* back I do flie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now



Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I cowch when



Cantus Secundus.

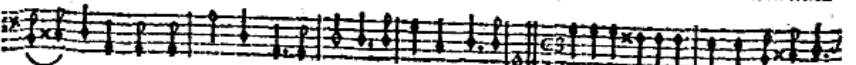
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

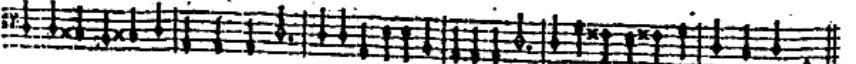
Bassus.



Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I cowch when



*Owls* do cry, on the *Batts* back I do flie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now



under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie shal I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

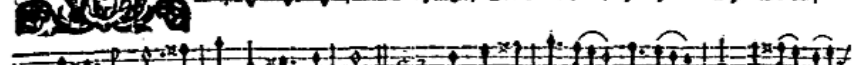
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

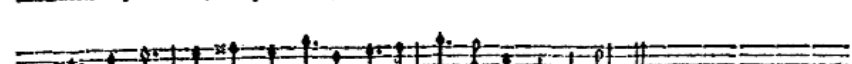
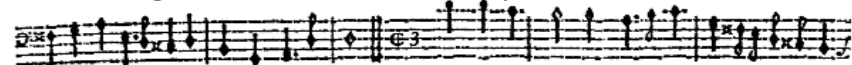
Dr. John Wilson.



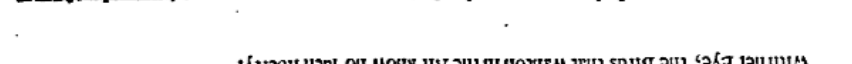
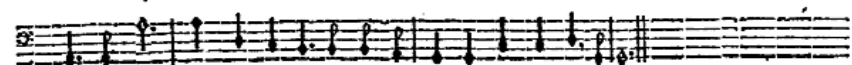
Hen Love with uncon-fi-ned wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine



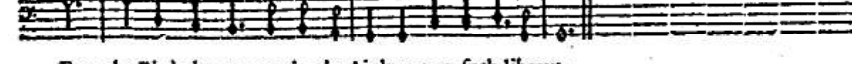
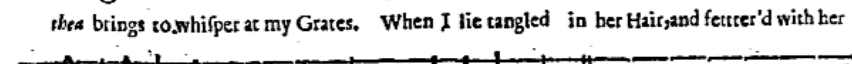
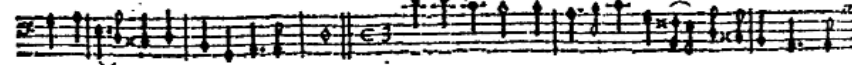
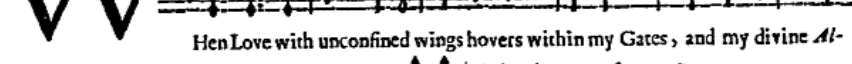
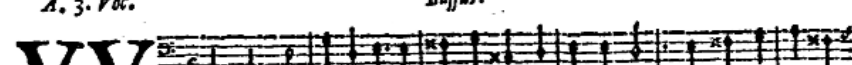
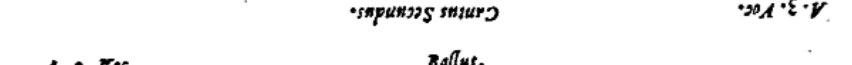
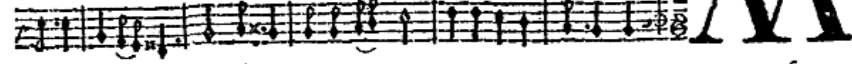
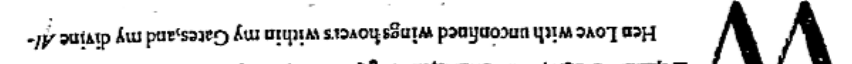
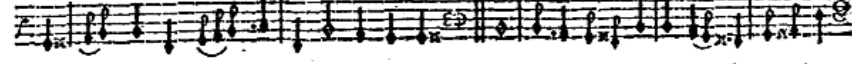
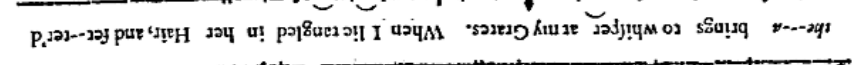
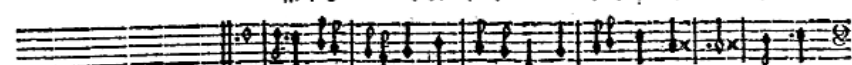
*Alhea* brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tan-gled in her Hair, and fetter'd



with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.



with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

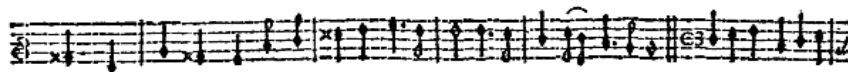
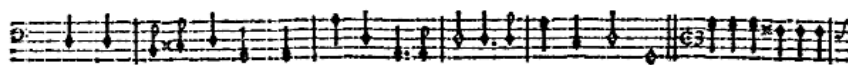


Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

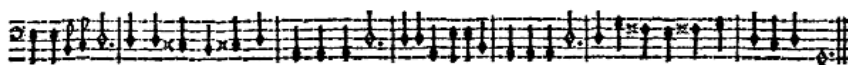
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

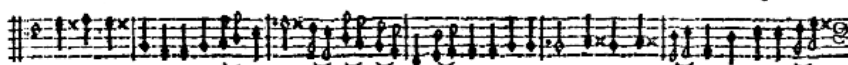
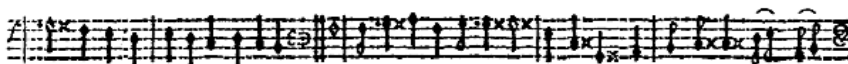
Dr. John Wilson.

Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there Icouch when *Owls* do cry, on the *Bats* back I do lie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie

that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow. Merrily merrily that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bow.



under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

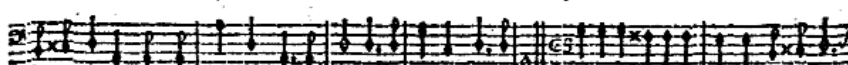
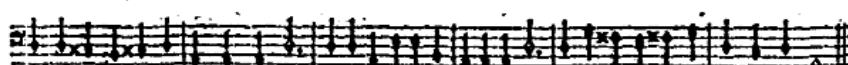
*Owls* do cry, on the *Bats* back I do fly after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie that I live nowHere the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, here I couch when

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Here the *Bee* sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips bell I lie, there I couch when*Owls* do cry, on the *Bats* back I do lie after Summer merrilie. Merrilie merrilie that I live now

under the blossom that hangs on the bough. Merrilie merrilie that I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

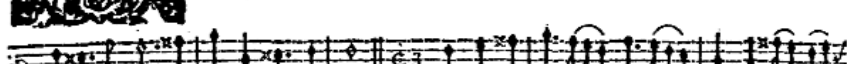
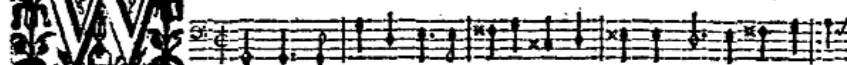
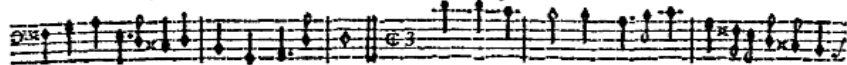
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

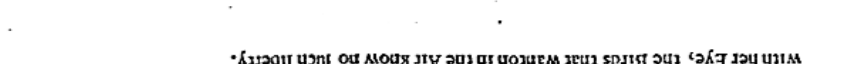
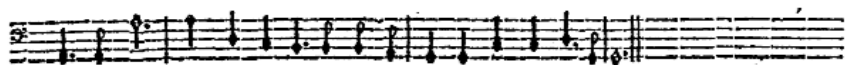
Dr. John Wilson.



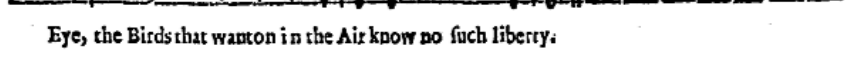
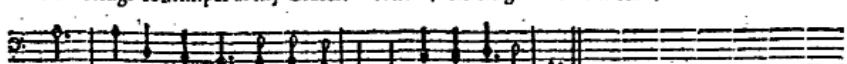
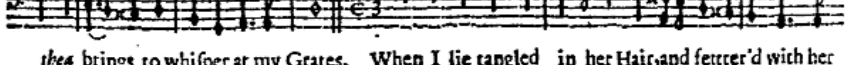
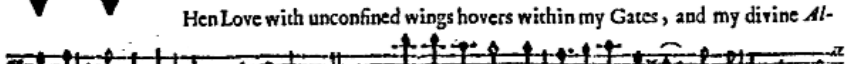
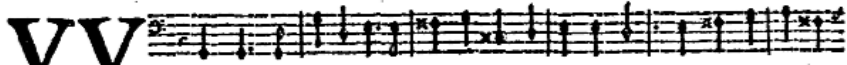
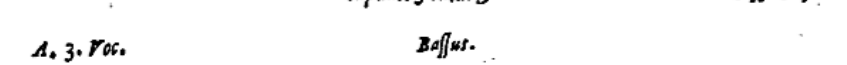
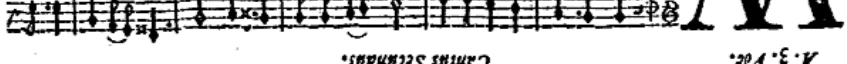
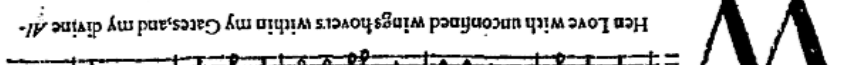
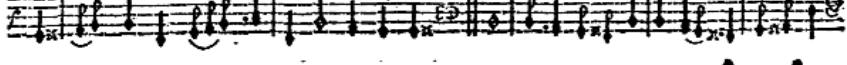
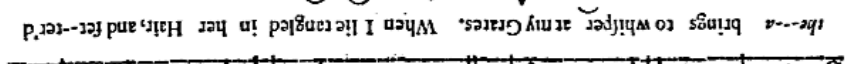
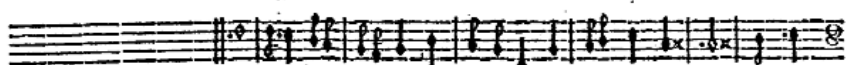
Hen Love with uncon-fined wings hovers within my Gates, and my divine

*Althea* brings to whisper at my Grates. When I lie tan-gled in her Hair, and fetter'd

with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.



with her Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

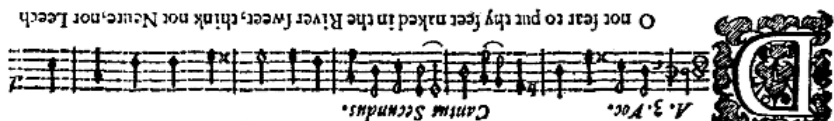
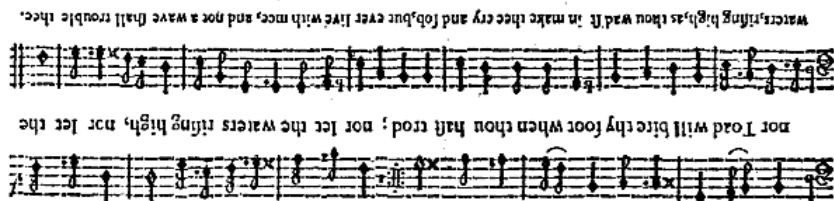
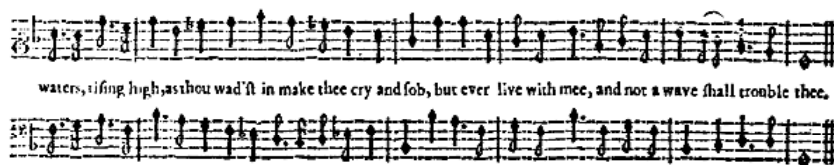
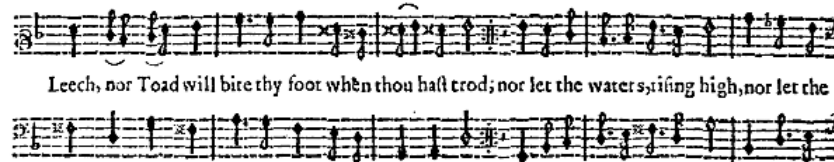
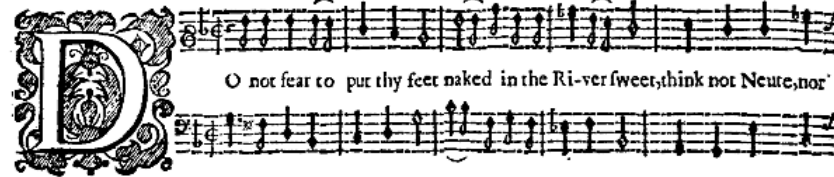


Eye, the Birds that wanton in the Air know no such liberty.

A. 3. Voc.

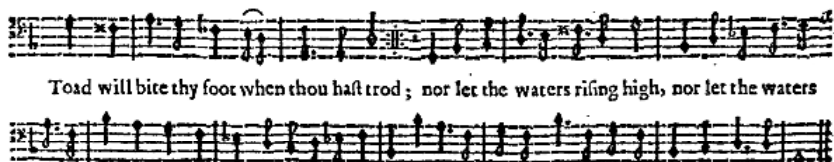
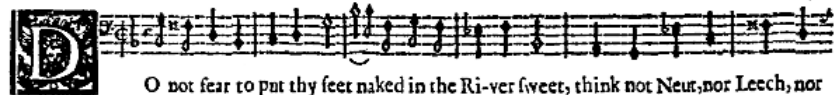
Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.



A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

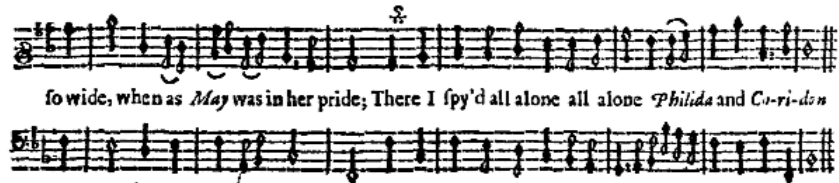
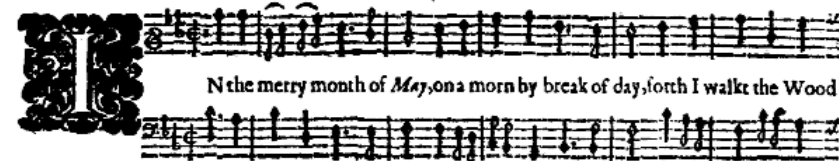


rising high, as thou wadst it in make thee cry and sob, but ever live with mee, and not a wave shall trouble thee.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. John Wilson.

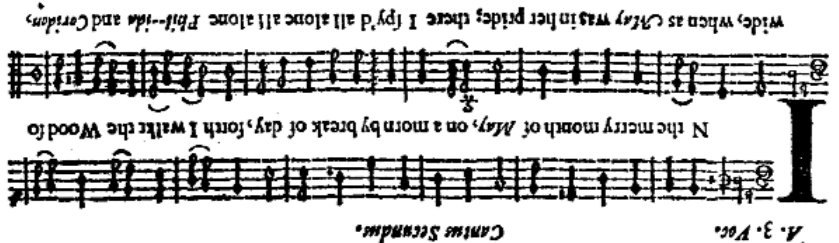


Much adoe there was, God wor,  
He did love, but she could not;  
He said his love was to woo,  
She said none was false to you;  
He said, he had lov'd her long,  
She said, love should take no wrong.

Coriden would have kist her then,  
She said, Maids must kisse no Men,  
Till they kisse for good and all;  
Then she bad the Shepherd call  
All the Gods to witness truth,  
Ne'r was loved so fair a youth.

Then with many a pretty Oath,  
As Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth;  
Such as filly Shepherds use  
When they would not love abuse;  
Love which had been long deluded,  
Was with kisses sweet concluded.

And Phillida with Garlands gay  
Was Crowned the Lady May.

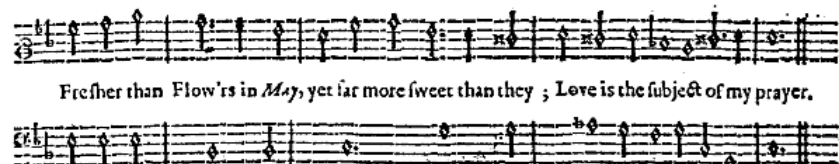
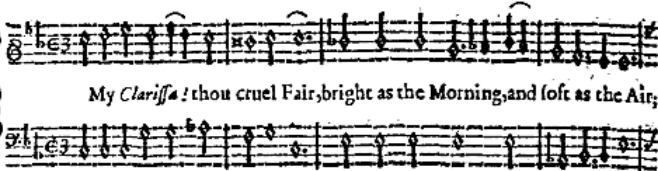


wide, when as May was in her pride; there I spy'd all alone all alone Phillida and Co-ri-den

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Lawes.



Fresher than Flow'rs in May, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.

When first I saw thee, I felt a flame,  
Which from thine Eyes like lightning came;  
Sure it was Cupid's Dart,  
It pierc'd quite through my heart;  
Oh, could thy breath once feel the same!

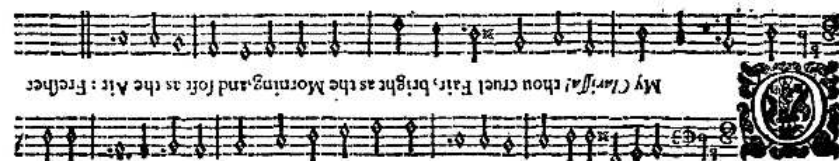
A wound so powerfull would urge thy soule,  
Spight of a froward heart, coyneles controule,  
And make thy love as fixt  
As is the heart thou prik'st,  
Forcing thee with me to condole.

Let not such Fortune my Love betide;  
Oh, let your rocky breast be mollifi'd!  
Send me not to my Grave  
Unpittied like a slave;  
How can love such usage abide?

Sympathize with me a while in grief,  
This passion quickly will find out relief;  
Cupid wil from his Bowers  
Warm these chill hearts of ours,  
And make his power rule there in chief.

Then would the God of Love equall bee,  
Giving me ease, as by wounding thee;  
Then would you never scorn,  
When like to me you burst;  
At least not prove unkind to mee.

than flowers in May, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.



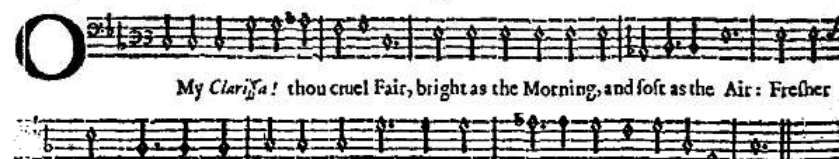
My Clarissa! thou cruel Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air: Fresher

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

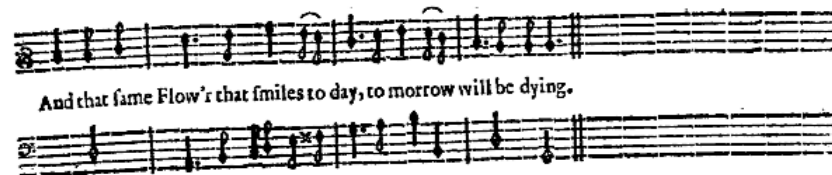
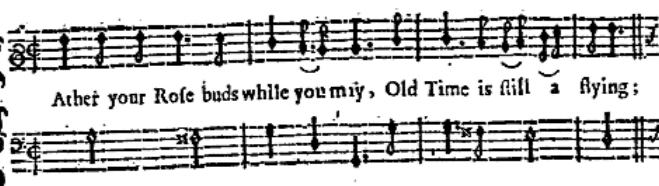


than flowers in May, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my prayer.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Lawes.



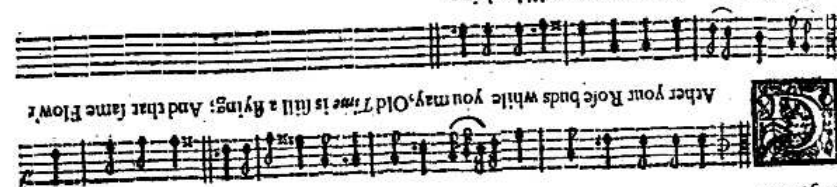
And that same Flow'r that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,  
The higher he is getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.

That Age is best that is the first,  
While youth and blood are warmer;  
Expect not the last and worst,  
Time still succeeds the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
While you may go marry,  
For having once but lost your prime,  
You may for ever tarry:

that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.



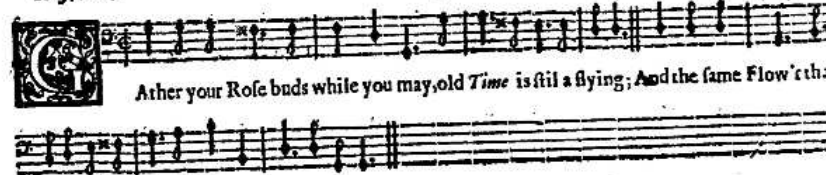
Ather your Rose buds while you may, Old Time is still a flying; And that same Flow'r

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



smiles to day to morrow will be dying.



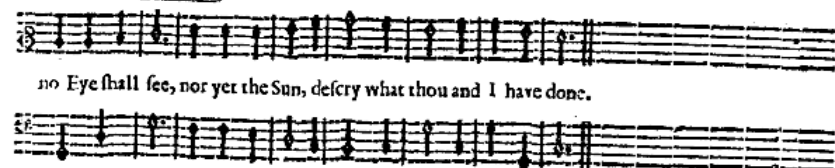
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two steal,



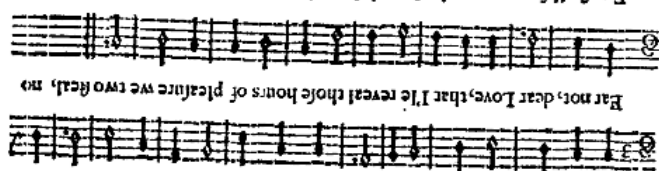
no Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.

No ear shall hear our Love, but we  
As silent as the night will be,  
The God of Love himself, (whose dart  
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart.)

Shall never know that we can tell,  
What sweets in toln embraces dwell;  
This onely means may find it out,  
If when I die, Physicians doubt.

What caus'd my death, and then to view  
Of all their judgments which was true;  
Rip up my heart, O then I fear  
The world will see thy picture there.

Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.



Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ear not, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two steal, no

Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun, descry what thou and I have done.

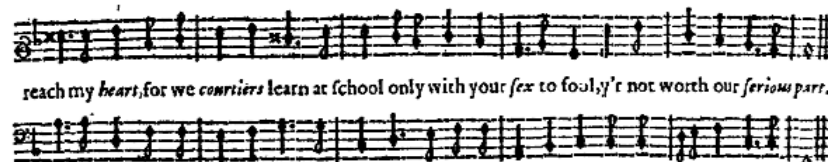
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Tompkins.



Ine young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear, yet you ne'r could



reach my heart, for we courtiers learn at school only with your sex to folly, y'r not worth our serious part.

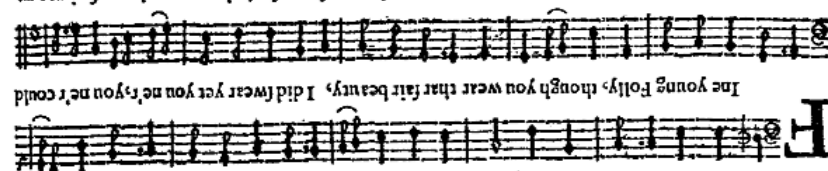
When I sigh and kiss your hand,  
Crosse mine Armes, and wondring stand,  
Holding fairly with your eye:  
Then dilate on my desires,  
Swear the Sun ne'r shot such fires,  
All is but a handiome lye.

Wherefore, Madam, wear no cloud,  
Nor to check my flames grow proud;  
For insooth I much do doubt,  
'Tis the powder in your hair,  
Not your breath perfumes the Air,  
And your cloaths that set you out.

When I eye your Curls or Lace,  
Gentle soul, you think your face  
Straight some murder doth commir;  
And your conscience doth begin  
To be scrup'lous of my sin,  
When I court to shew my wit.

Yet though truth hath this confest,  
And I swear I love in jest,  
Courteous soul, when next I court,  
And protest an amorous flame  
You I vow, I in earnest am,  
Bedlam, this is pretty sport.

reach my heart, for we courtiers learn at school only with your sex to folly, y'r not worth our serious part.

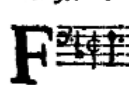


Cantus Secundus.

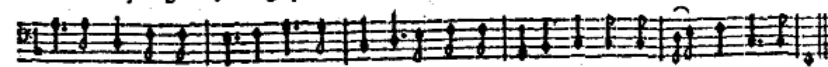
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ine young Folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear yet you ne'r you ne'r could

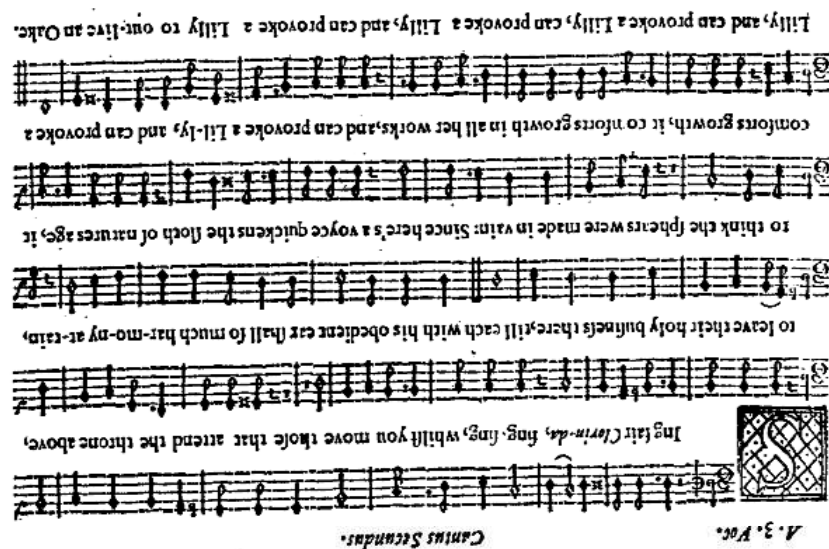
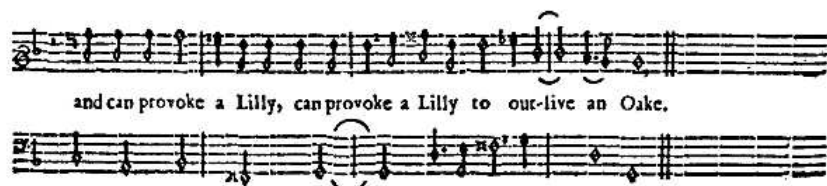
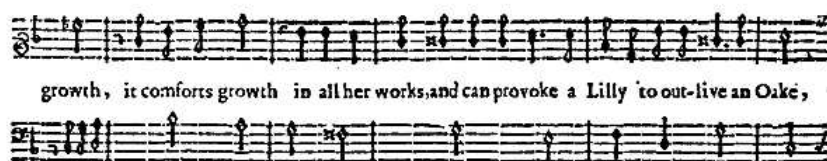
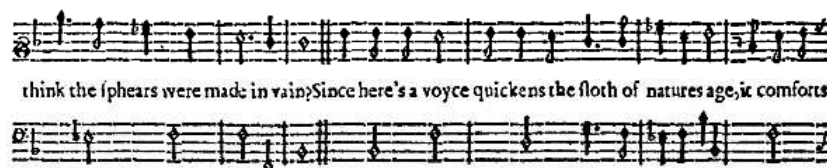
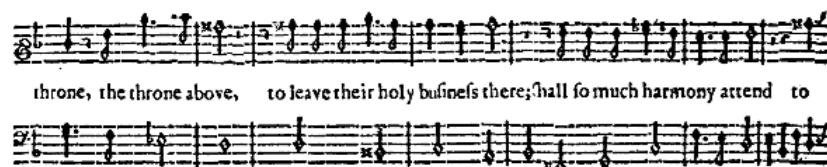


reach my heart, for we courtiers learn at school only with your sex to folly, y'r not worth our serious part.

A. 3. Voc.

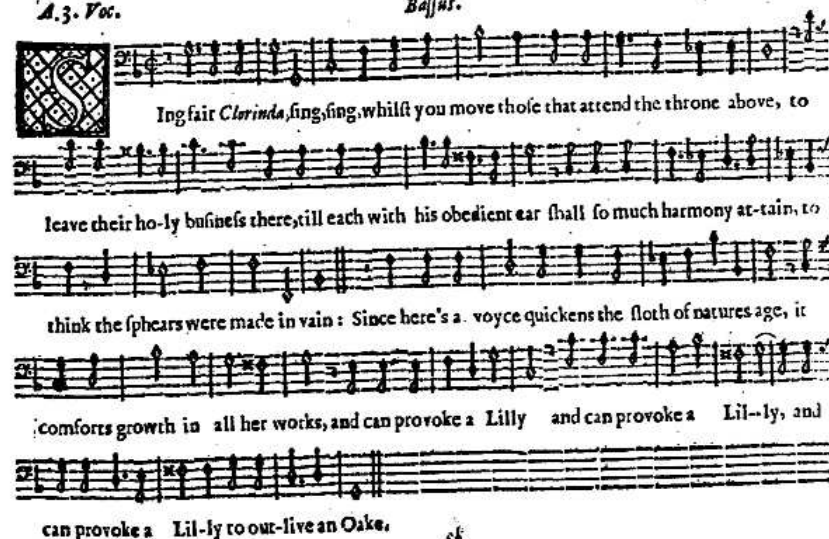
Cantus Primus.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



A. 3. Voc.

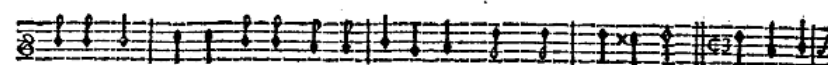
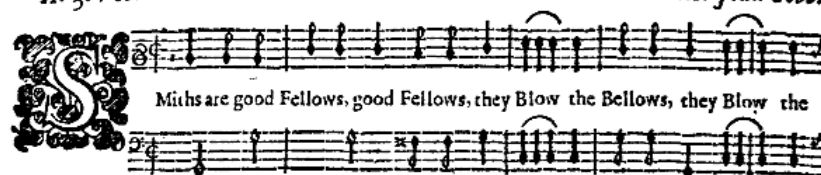
Bassus.



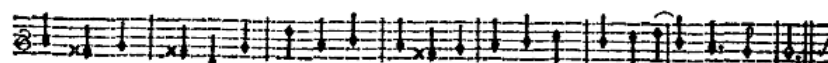
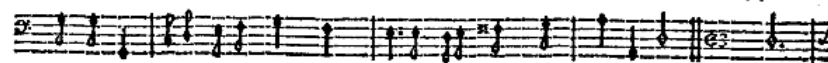
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

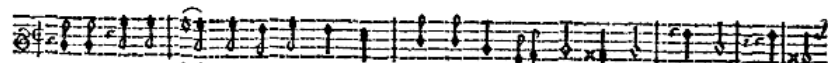
Mr. John Cobb.



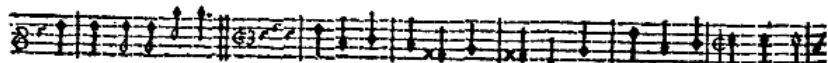
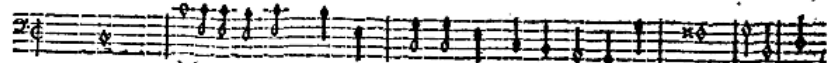
Bellows, they Blow the Fellows while the Iron's hot; though there gains be small, Thy pot and



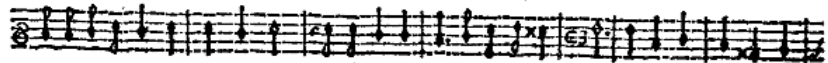
my pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call.



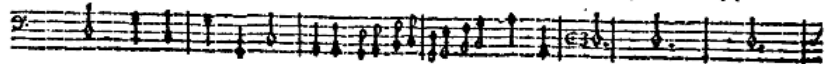
Hallow, Hallow, Hallow is the White Mare Fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast,



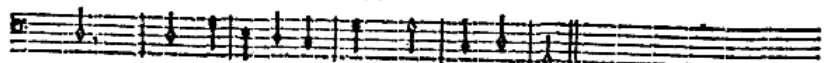
stand fast with a Winion: Thy pot and my pot, come thy pot, come my pot and thy pot, sure



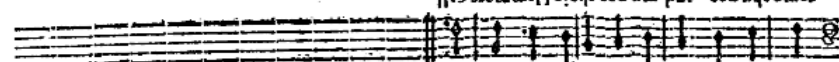
'tis but opinion Ale hurts the sight, For continually con-ti-nu-al-ly, Thy pot and my pot, come



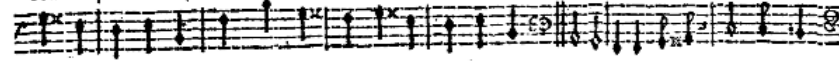
thy pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot their Hammers call.



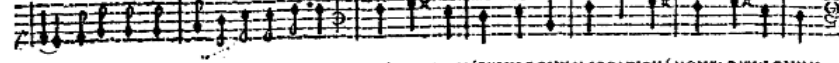
come thy pot, and my pot their Hammers call.



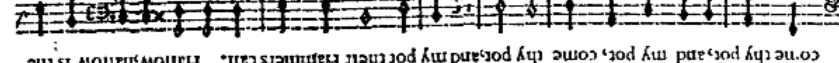
hurts the Sight for continually. Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come my pot, and my pot,



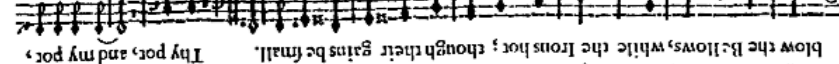
and my pot, come thy pot, and my pot, and thy pot come sure 'tis but opinion, but opinion, Ale



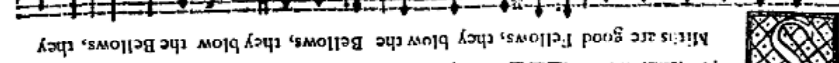
white Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a winion. Thy pot,



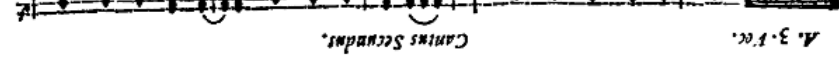
come thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call. Hallow, hallow, is the



blow the Bellows, while the Irons hot; though their gain be small. Thy pot, and my pot,



Miths are good Fellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows, they

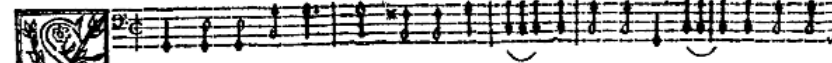


Cantus Secundus.

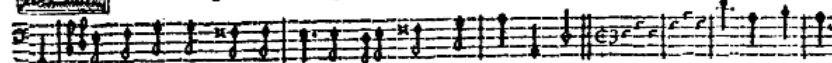
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

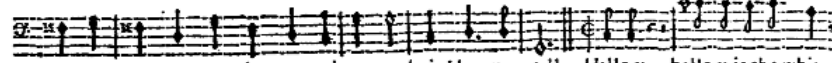
Bassus.



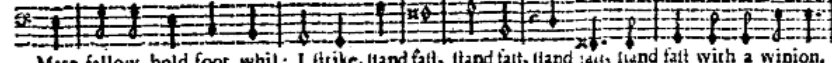
Miths are good Fellows, good Fellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows,



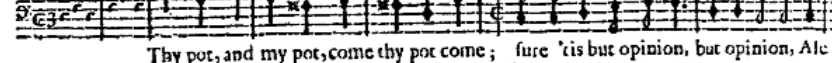
they blow the Bellows, while the Irons hot; though their gain be small. Thy pot, and my



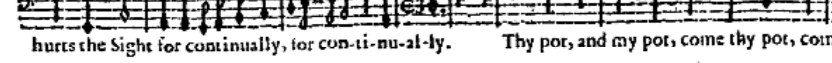
pot, come thy pot, come thy pot, and my pot their Hammers call. Hallow, hallow, is the white



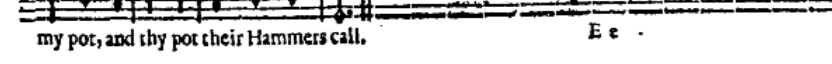
Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a winion,



Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot come; sure 'tis but opinion, but opinion, Ale



hurts the Sight for continually, for con-ti-nu-al-ly. Thy pot, and my pot, come thy pot, come



my pot, and thy pot their Hammers call.

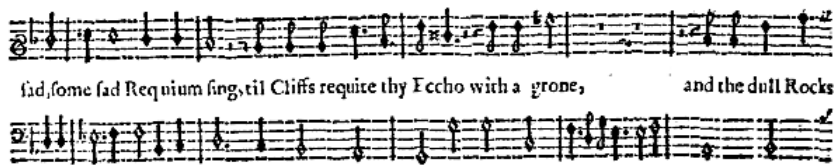
E e .

A. 3. Voc.

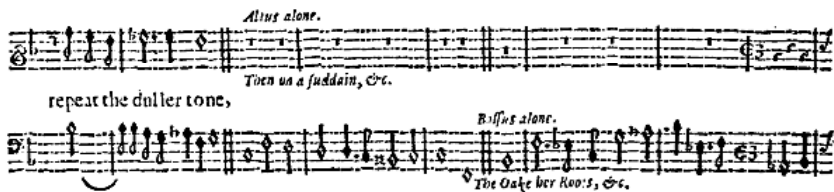
Cantus Primus. Mr. William Smegergill alias Caesar.



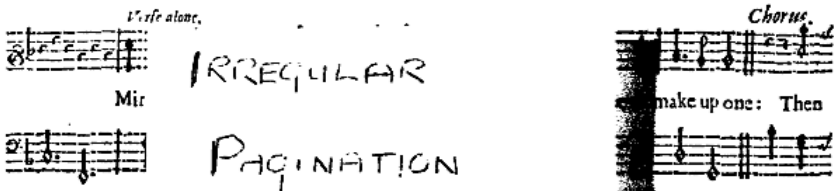
Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of souls get up, get up, & string thy powerful Lute, & some



fad, some fad Requiem sing, till Cliffs requite thy Eccho with a grone, and the dull Rocks



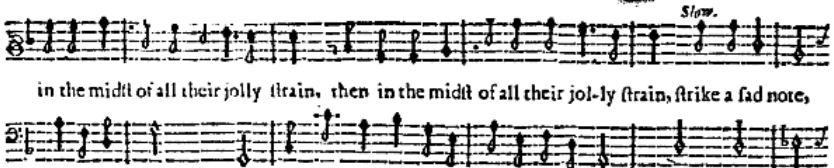
repeat the duller tone,



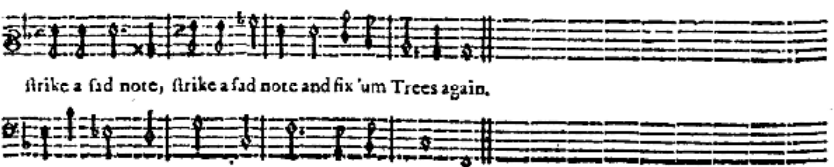
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IRREGULAR

PAGINATION



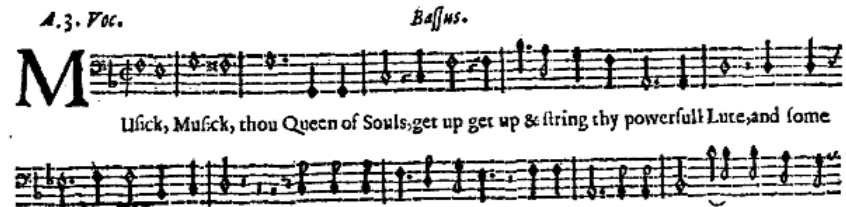
in the midt of all their jolly strain, then in the midt of all their jol-ly strain, strike a sad note,



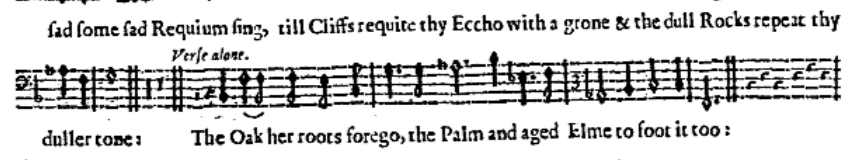
Strike a sad note, strike a sad note and fix 'um Trees again.



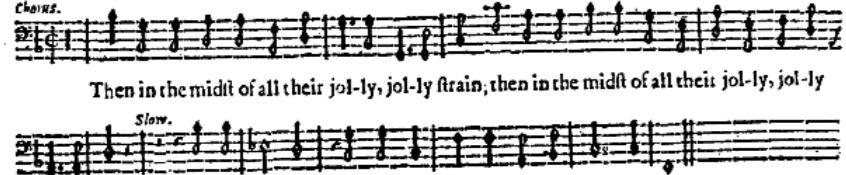
Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of Souls get up, get up & string thy powerful Lute, and some



Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of Souls, get up get up & string thy powerful Lute, and some



fad some fad Requiem sing, till Cliffs requite thy Eccho with a grone & the dull Rocks repeat thy



duller tone: The Oak her roots forego, the Palm and aged Elme to foot it too:

Then in the midt of all their jol-ly, jol-ly strain, then in the midt of all their jol-ly, jol-ly

jol-ly strain, strike a sad note, strike a sad note, and fix 'um Trees again.

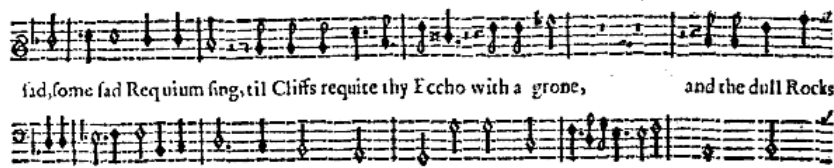


A. 3. Voc.

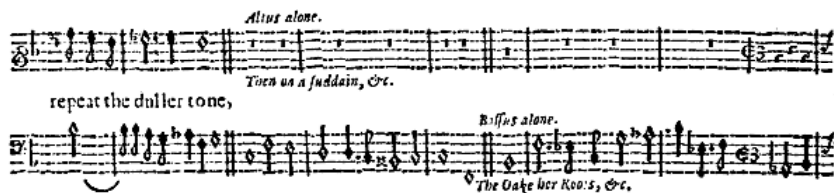
Cantus Primus. Mr. William Smegergill alias Caesar.



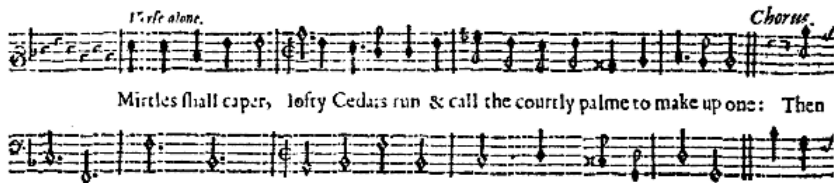
Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of souls get up, get up, & string thy powerful Lute, & some



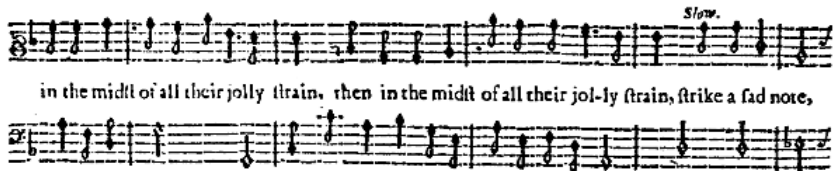
fad, some fad Requiem sing, til Cliffs requite thy Eccho with a grone, and the dull Rocks



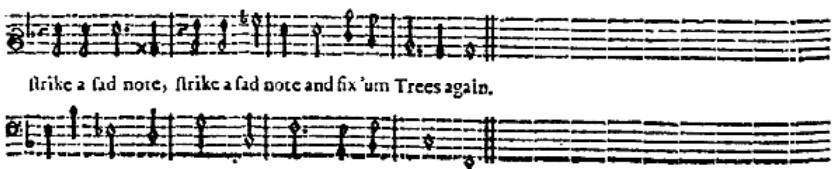
repeat the duller tone,



Mirtles shall caper, Josty Cedars run & call the courtly palme to make up one: Then



in the midt of all their jolly strain, then in the midt of all their jol-ly strain, strike a fad note,



Strike a fad note, strike a fad note and fix 'um Trees again.

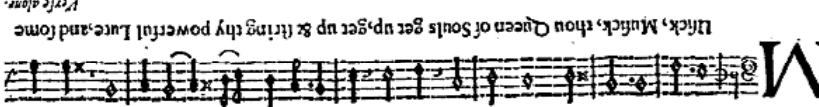


jol-ly strain, strike a fad note, strike a fad note, and fix 'um Trees again.

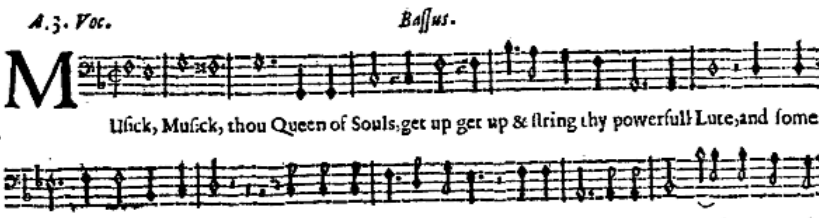
Then in the midt of all their jol-ly, jol-ly strain, then in the midt of all their

on a suddain, with a nimble hand, run— gently o're the Cords, and to command the Pine to dance:

fad, some fad Requiem sing, Eccho, Eccho, and the dull Rocks repeat thy duller tone: Then

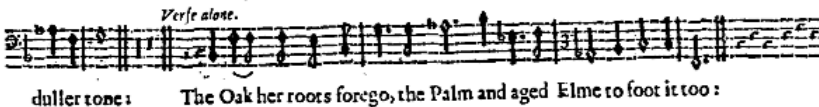


Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of Souls get up, get up & string thy powerful Lute, and some

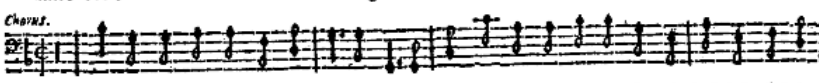


Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of Souls, get up get up & string thy powerful Lute, and some

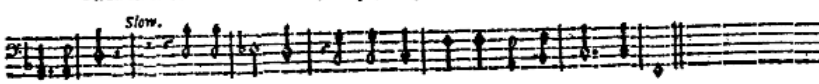
fad some fad Requiem sing, till Cliffs requite thy Eccho with a grone & the dull Rocks repeat thy



duller tone: The Oak her roots forego, the Palm and aged Elme to foot it too:



Then in the midt of all their jol-ly, jol-ly strain, then in the midt of all their jol-ly, jol-ly

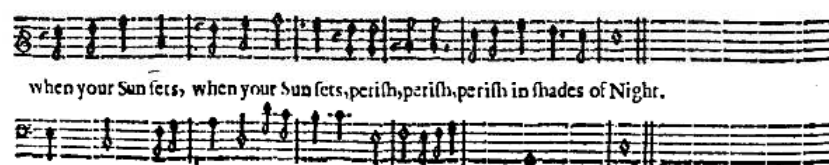
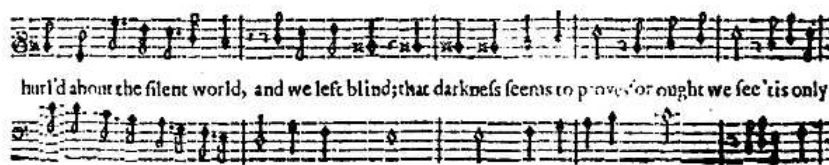
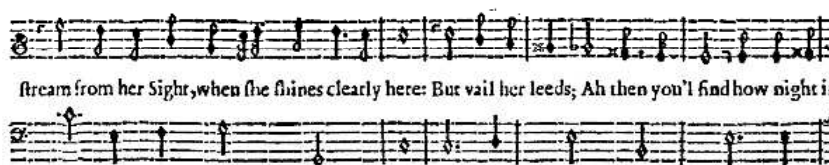
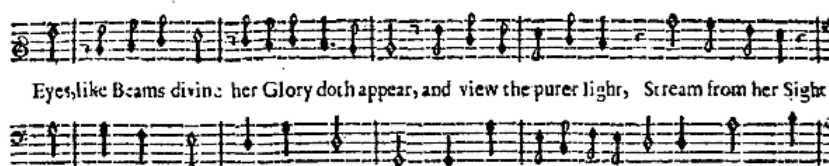
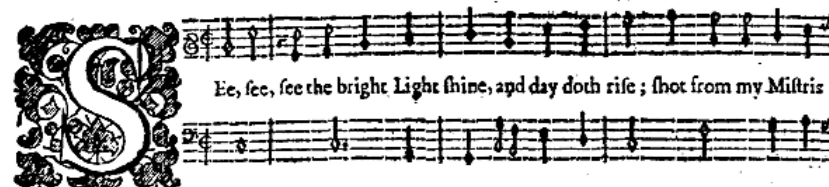


jol-ly strain, Strike a fad note, strike a fad note, and fix 'um Trees again.

A. 2. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

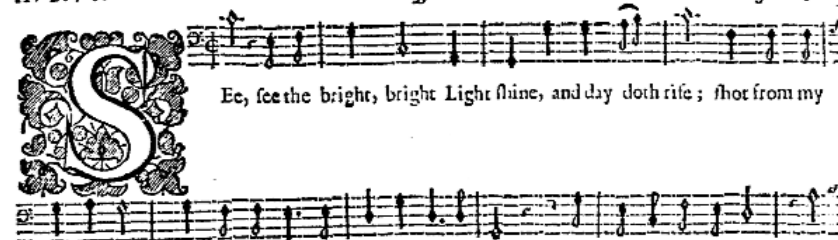
Mr. Jenkins.



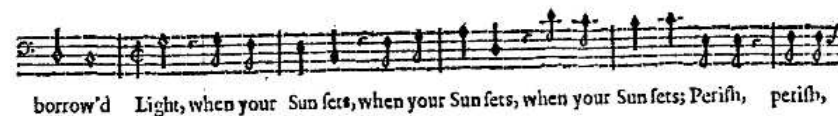
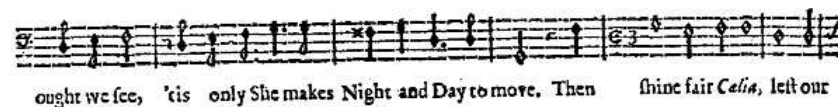
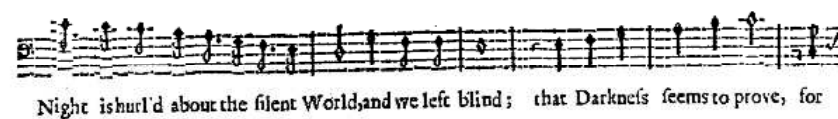
A. 2. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Jenkins.



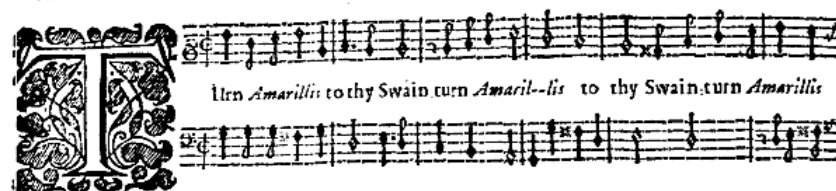
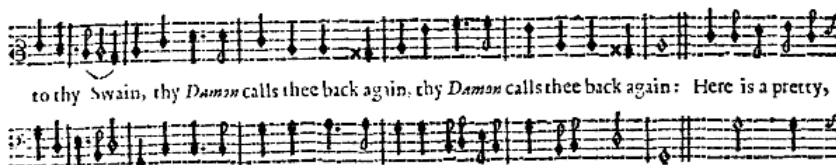
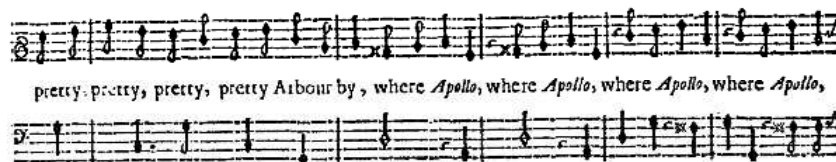
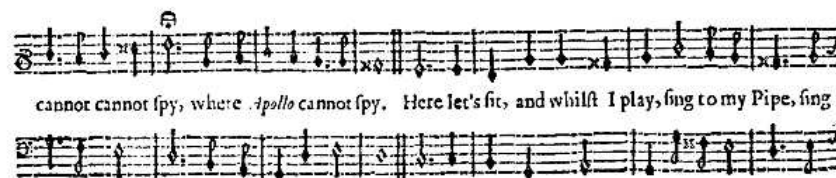
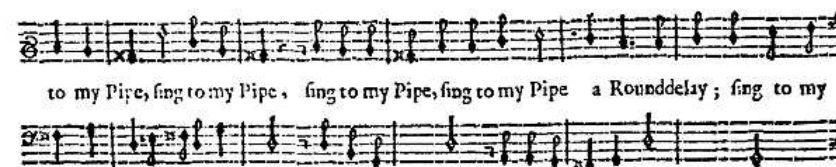
Mistris Eyes, like Beams divine her Glories doe appear; and view the purer light Stream



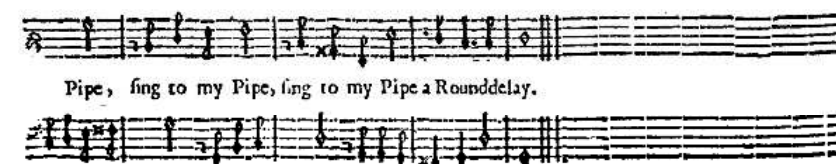
A. 2. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Tho. Brewer.

Uten *Amarillis* to thy Swain turn *Amaril-lis* to thy Swain turn *Amarillis*to thy Swain, thy *Damon* calls thee back again, thy *Damon* calls thee back again: Here is a pretty,pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty Arbour by, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*,cannot cannot spy, where *Apollo* cannot spy. Here let's sit, and whilst I play, sing to my Pipe, sing

to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe a Rounddelay; sing to my

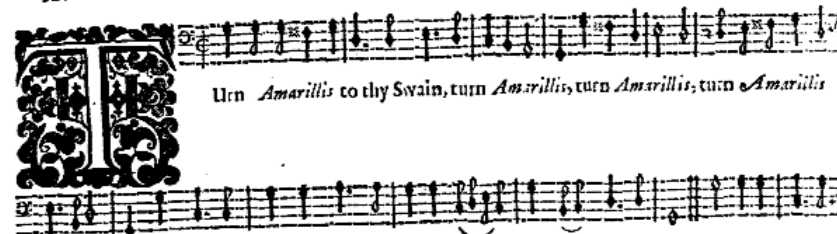
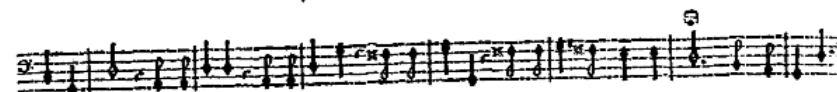


Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe a Rounddelay.

A. 2. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Tho. Brewer.

Uten *Amarillis* to thy Swain, turn *Amarillis*, turn *Amarillis*, turn *Amarillis*to thy Swain, thy *Damon* calls thee back again, thy *Damon* calls thee back again: Here is a pretty,Arbour by, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo*, where *Apollo* cannot spy: where *Apollo*

cannot spy: There let's sit, and whilst I play, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe,



sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe a Rounddelay; sing to my Pipe, sing to my Pipe, sing to my

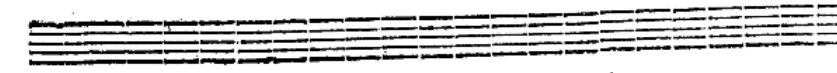


Pipe a Rounddelay.



Reader.

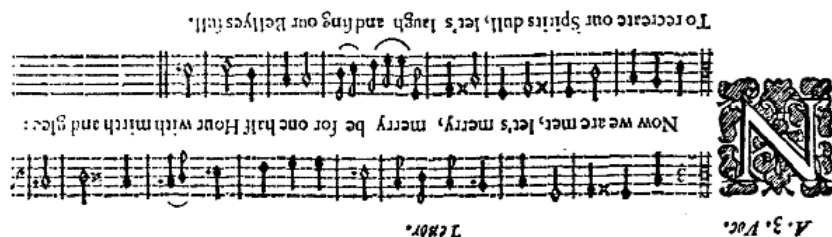
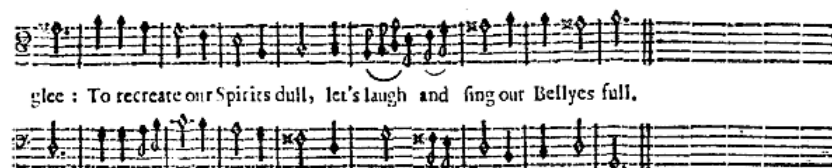
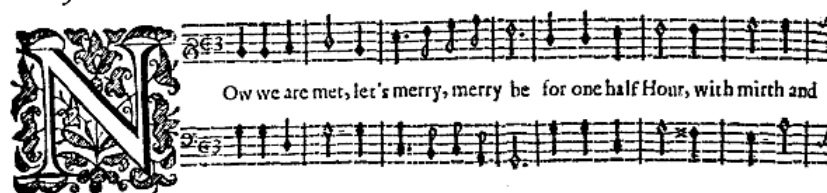
Here thou hast this Song, for Two Voyces; as it was  
first Compos'd by my Friend the Author, though in  
Years, two Inward Parts have been added to it. J. P.



A. 3. Voc.

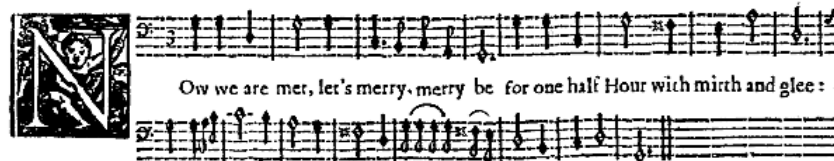
Cantus Primus.

Mr. Simon Ives.



A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



To recreate our Spirits dull, let's laugh and sing our Bellies full.

## In praise of Musick.

Musick miraculous *Rhetorick* ! that speak'st Sence  
Without a Tongue, excellent Eloquence:  
The love of thee in wild Beasts have been known,  
And Birds have lik'd thy Notes above their own.

How easie might thy Errors be excus'd,  
Wert thou as much beloved, as th'art abus'd ;  
Yet although dull Souls thy Harmony disprove,  
Mine shall be fixt in what the Angels love.

FINIS.

+ W. D. Knight.

SELECT  
**A YRES**  
AND  
**D I A L O G U E S**  
To Sing to the  
**THEORBO-LUTE**  
OR  
**BASSE-VIOL.**

COMPOSED  
By M<sup>r</sup> HENRY LAWES, late Servant to His Majesty  
in His Publick and Private Musick :  
And other Excellent MASTERS.

The Second Book.



L O N D O N,

Printed by William Godbid for John Playford, and are to be Sold at his Shop  
in the Temple, near the Church Dore. 1669.